THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1925

Germany Is Not Disarmable!

BY

LUDOVIC NAUDEAU

A Japanese Officer Watches Our Manoeuvres in the Pacific

The Man Who Weighed the Atmosphere

BY

SIR OLIVER LODGE

An Hour with Thomas Hardy

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

PUBLICATION OFFICE: RUMFORD BUILDING, CONCORD, N. H.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: 8 ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON 17, MASS.

$5.00 a Year 15c a Copy

Entered as second-class mail matter at Concord, N. H.
Foreign Postage, $1.50; Canadian Postage, 50c

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

OXFORD BOOKS

MEDIAEVAL ROMANCE IN ENGLAND

By Laura A. Hibbard — *Net* $3.50

The first of the Wellesley Semi-Centennial Series.

"A volume that will be indispensable to students of middle English literature. Her work has been done with careful, critical accuracy."—*N. Y. Evening Post*

SPECULUM MENTIS OR THE MAP OF KNOWLEDGE

By R. G. Collingwood — *Net* $4.20

A critical review of the chief forms of human experience. A philosophical work of profound insight and unquestioned merit.—*Boston Transcript*

THE FALKLAND ISLANDS

By V. F. Boyson — *Net* $5.00

An extremely readable book on colonial history, covering the story of the Islands up to 1914. The first full account of this remote colony. This is a book that may fitly companion "The Voyage of the Beagle" and Beebe's "Galapagos." The illustrations are of especial interest throughout.—*Philadelphia Ledger*

VILLANOVANS AND EARLY ETRUSCANS

By David Randall-MacIver — *Net* $28.00

"Beautifully printed and well illustrated quarto. It is a treatise which would incline any young man to become an archaeologist and any old man to regret that he had not been one."—*Boston Transcript*

THE THEORY OF GOOD AND EVIL

By H. Rashdall — *2 vols. Net* $6.00

The second edition of this important work. Teachers and students of Philosophy in all the English-Speaking countries will welcome the reappearance of this very valuable book.

THE FOLKLORE OF BOMBAY

By R. E. Enthoven — *Net* $4.70

Deals with the primitive practices and beliefs of the Bombay Presidency.

TIBET: PAST AND PRESENT

By Sir Charles Bell — *Nett* $8.00

This book deals with Tibetan history from earliest times, but especially with the movements and aims of the present day. Anecdotes, conversations with leading Tibetans, and quotations from poetry and proverbs illustrate the Tibetan points of view. Sir Charles Bell gives an inside view of Tibet and the Tibetans.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS *American Branch*
35 WEST 32nd STREET, NEW YORK

MAMMONAR

By UPTON SINCLAIR

The most revolutionary criticism of literature the arts ever penned.

400 pages, cloth $2.00, paper-bound $1.00, postpa

UPTON SINCLAIR, Pasadena, California

Study AT Home

Become More Efficient

Courses in *Mathematics, Chemistry, Ps chology, Education, Business* and 40 oth subjects command either High School College credit. Start any time.

The University of Chicago
36 Ellis Hall CHICAGO, ILL.

Now Published Separately

The Index for the Living Age beginning Vol. 318 (July 1923—September 1923) will be published separately and may be secured by sending a post card to the

LIVING AGE SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

BUCOLIC BEATITUDES

By RUSTICUS

THE peace and charm of rural life were never more engagingly described than in this human, wise little book. Rusticus, kindly observer and critic of nature, takes you about his country home, where you make the acquaintance of the farm folk of whom he is justly proud: Cerberus, one-eyed dog and perfect companion; the pig, "the humorist of the farm, an incorrigible wag and nature's most perfect clown"; The Field Marshal of the poultry yard, "the bird who never has had and never will have an 'inferiority complex'"; the tranquil cow, "a bovine ruminant in three letters," and the Incomparable One, who understands and loves them all. A book of whimsical wit and philosophy that every essay-lover will want to read aloud.

Charmingly illustrated. $1.50

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOK SHOP
8 Arlington Street, Boston

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

April 11, 1925

Vol. 325 CONTENTS No. 4214

A Week of the World 81
Mr. Baldwin Looks Forward — Rallying the Clans at Tiflis — Child Labor in China — The Kurd Revolt

America's Pacific Manœuvres . . . . CAPTAIN MIZUNO HIRONORI 87
A Japanese Naval Officer Discusses America's Naval-War Game from a Professional and a Pacifist Angle

Is Germany Disarmed? . . . . . LUDOVIC NAUDEAU 92
A French Observer Concludes: 'Germany Is Not Disarmed, Because, Being a Natural Arsenal, She Is Not Disarmable.'

An Hour with Thomas Hardy . . . . . FRÉDÉRIC LEFÈVRE 98
The Venerable Dean of English Letters Chats of Modern Times and Follies with the Vivacity of Youth

Lord Rayleigh: The Man Who Weighed the Atmosphere
SIR OLIVER LODGE 104
A Famous Scientist's Review of a Fellow Laborer's Life

White Women in the Australian Tropics . . FREDA STERNBERG 108
A New Generation of Colonial Dames Explodes Mollycoddle Theories

An Impressionist in Spain . . . . . VICTOR AUBURTIN 110
A Popular Dramatic Critic on Spanish Life and Art

The Exploits of Pukitsulik . . . . . KNUD RASMUSSEN 117
A Noted Danish Explorer Retells a Folk-story Heard in the Greenland Igloos

Life, Letters, and the Arts 121
Paderewski in England — A Bouquet for the Amateur Scientist — The Leopard-Men — Caricaturing a Premier — Making Money Fly — A New Letter by Beethoven — Invisible Light — A Wreck in the Sahara — Pronouncing Pepys

Books Abroad 125
Fighting the World — The Portrait of Zélide — Manuel d'histoire de Paris — The Menace of Colour — A Man Who Walked Alone: Letters from W. H. Hudson to Edward Garnett — Books Mentioned

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THIS WEEK

BECAUSE he had no illusions either about his own country or about ours, *Captain Mizuno Hironori* was placed on the retired list of the Mikado's Navy. The idea of a war between two nations so far apart that they can find no safe place to fight in and no good cause to fight for appeals to his Oriental sense of humor, and he counsels his seafaring friends against getting all worked up over our manœuvres in the Pacific next summer. The scheme seems to be to conduct vast operations against an imaginary foe and to secure the physical as well as the moral support of Australia. The Japanese have not been invited to the party, but if they have set their hearts on being alarmed by something, *Freda Sternberg's* piece on 'White Women in the Tropics' will help keep them awake nights. She has found large, healthy Nordic families cropping up all over Australia — which ought to mean that there will be less excuse than ever for letting the Japanese in.

❦ ❦ ❦

France is another nation that will be in for sleepless nights one of these days. *Ludovic Naudeau* continues his astounding report on what has been happening over across the Rhine for the past five or six years, and there is no getting around it — he startles you. The alleged police-force that swelled to martial proportions on account of the Bolshevist scare, at one time numbered 20,000 officers and noncoms to 8500 privates. The army itself — or the Reichswehr, as we experts call it — shows a salary-list of 35,000 sergeants, 40,000 corporals, and 20,000 privates. The implication is that in both cases the supply of privates was constantly changed, each bunch having been trained to perfection in record time. Meanwhile economic organization is being more highly developed, records of all men available for military service are being assembled, and the National Anthem has not been changed from 'Die Wacht am Rhein' to 'I Did n't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier.'

In a weary and jealous world it is a great relief to turn now and then to Spain for refreshment. To judge from *Victor Auburtin's* account, it is the only place left where the decencies of life are still preserved. There is no telephoning — not even letter-writing. When you want to communicate with a social equal, you send a special messenger around with what you have to say. And free? Madrid is as aristocratic as Louis XIV, Toledo as mediæval as Henry Adams, and Barcelona as modern as George F. Babbitt. One country with three such cities is not to be sniffed at.

❦ ❦ ❦

Two eminent Englishmen — Lord Rayleigh, the man who weighed the atmosphere and found argon in it, and Thomas Hardy, the man who weighed the Universe and found it wanting — are dissected in this issue. As far as the layman is concerned, we do perhaps need a ghost to rise from the grave to tell us of Lord Rayleigh's greatness, but *Sir Oliver Lodge* resists the temptation and confines himself to earthly matters. *Frédéric Lefèvre*, the Hardy interlocutor, found himself listening to a really great man talking on the dearth of really great men and the evil effects of the war. In spite of his eighty-five years, Mr. Hardy has not yet come around to Dr. Frank Crane's way of looking at things — which is too bad when you stop to think what a talented writer he is.

❦ ❦ ❦

'The Exploits of Pukitsulik' — you don't say it, you sneeze it — make good hot-weather reading. Pukitsulik was an Eskimo who lived in a hole, trapped foxes, and said 'Hm' no matter what happened. One day he got a blue fox, and when he tried to sell its skin to some traders they strung him up to the yardarm of their ship and started shooting at him. Space and tact forbid our revealing the dénouement of this stirring tale of adventure, love (there is a girl in it), and frozen feet.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 325 — *APRIL 11, 1925* — NO. 4214

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

MR. BALDWIN LOOKS FORWARD

MR. BALDWIN aroused and pleased a large section of the British public last March by taking the initiative in defining the broader domestic policies of his Party, which he has hitherto left largely to his coadjutors. In two speeches, the first delivered at Birmingham on March 5 and the second in the House of Commons the following day, he clarified his own position, and perforce that of his followers, in respect to several important questions. The burden of his addresses was a plea to establish throughout British industry 'conciliation, mutual tolerance, and helpfulness,' and to face the country's economic problems in a frank spirit of fellowship among the classes. After sketching the profound changes that had occurred in industrial relations within his personal memory, the vanishing of the patriarchal relations that formerly existed in his own business, and the appearance of a new economic organization demanding new forms of social adjustment, he intimated, amid the cheers of the Labor Members, far-reaching changes to come, by declaring that the next stage of our industrial civilization is beyond the power of the present generation to settle. Nothing can check the evolution which is now in process. The task of statesmanship is limited to steering safely through the transition period. This demands good-will, but more than good-will alone — a searching, unprejudiced examination of the facts of our present industrial society. He appealed to employers and workers to come together, 'not with a view on the one side to get an increase of wages, nor with a view on the other side to get a reduction of wages, but to get at the reasons and see where the fault lies.' Here the Premier addressed himself especially to employers, asking them to lay their cards on the table and to have done with 'secretiveness in business,' which breeds so much suspicion. Associated with this, of course, is the dropping of the proposed bill to limit the discretion of trade-unions in handling their funds for political purposes.

Almost simultaneously Sir Eric Geddes has come forward with an advanced proposal that the leaders of the great competing industries of the world meet together — or take the first steps to-

Copyright 1925, by the Living Age Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ward eventually meeting together — to agree, not secretly and in private compacts, but openly and before the public eye, upon means of mitigating the rivalry for markets and for raw materials that now threatens the material welfare of large classes of society and sows the seed of new wars.

Such competition is just now a particularly sore point with British industry, on account of the sensation created by the contract given by an English shipping-company to a German firm to build five motor-vessels of ten thousand tons each. Had the firm been obliged to pay the British price, the ships would not have been built at all. The company could not be accused of want of patriotism, for it was willing, out of public spirit and a desire to ease unemployment, to pay a quarter of a million dollars more than the German price to any British firm that would undertake the contract. But no British shipbuilder would take on the job even with that margin over his German competitors. In fact, the saving from building in Germany will amount to nearly three hundred thousand dollars on each vessel.

Discussion of this incident brought out the fact that the German yards are better organized and better equipped than those of Great Britain. A writer in the *Spectator* observes: 'High wages do not by any means involve a high cost of production in the finished article, as we have learned from America' — that is, particularly from our motor industry. Another factor in favor of the Germans is the linking of their iron, steel, coal, power-supplying, and shipbuilding industries into one coördinated system.

Great Britain faces another phase of an analogous question in connection with housing. A law adopted when the Labor Government was in power provides for subsidizing out of the public funds the construction of tenements for working people. Several private promoters — Lord Weir is the most prominent among them — have come forward with a system of standardized steel-construction by which houses can be produced en masse and assembled by ordinary labor, much as Ford automobiles are put together, at a much lower cost than ordinary cottages. Sample houses of this kind are a popular sight-seeing spectacle just now in several English cities. But bricklayers, plasterers, and members of the other organized building trades are up in arms against the innovation, and their votes carry weight in the municipal councils, which control Government building-programmes. On the other hand, advocates of the new system argue that the kind of construction they propose will give work to unemployed members of shipbuilding and other trades, who are in greatest distress. In Great Britain, as in America, building-mechanics have suffered comparatively little during the present period of enforced idleness in many industries.

✽

RALLYING THE CLANS AT TIFLIS

WHEN the secretary of the 'Central Executive Committee of the Allied Soviet Socialist Republics' called the roll at its Tiflis meeting last March, delegates presumably responded, not only from Moscow, Petrograd, White Russia, and the Ukraine, but — to quote a few of the more familiar names — from the republics or autonomous territories of Bashkir, Daghestan, Karelia, Crimea, German Republic of the Volga, Tatar, Buriat-Mongol, Yakut, Kirghiz, Adygey-Circassia, Votiak, Ingush, Kabardino-Balkar, Kalmyk, Karachai-Circassia, Komi-Zyriane, Mariiskaia, Chuvash, Kara-Kirghiz, Oirat, Kara-Kolpak, Moldavia, Azerbaidjan, Nakhichevan, Armenia, Georgia, — composed of the Abhazian and Adjar Republics, — Uzbeg, Turkoman, Na-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gorno-Karabakh, and South-Ossetia. *Pravda* adds complacently that 'a score or so of small nationalities not yet autonomously organized must be added to this list.' Representatives of the different Caucasian nationalities spoke, each in his own language. This polyglot eloquence, plus the fact that some of the official reports took four hours to read, must have tested even Oriental patience.

Chairman Rykov's policy speech gives several suggestive clues to the Soviet Government's projects both at home and abroad. He said that Moscow had lately lived through 'a period of recognitions' because other Governments found it impossible longer to ignore the Soviet Union, but that these recognitions had 'brought complications,' especially in the matter of the old debts. Russia's weight in the world was proved by the fact that the question of her recognition had influenced, and possibly determined, the results of the last general election in Great Britain. Under Mr. Baldwin's Conservative Cabinet, hostility to Moscow had stiffened — probably the bourgeois States were conspiring to bring new pressure against her. But while the Soviet authorities encountered this revival of reaction in the West, they were making steady progress in the East. A new spirit of nationalism and independence was astir in Asia, and its leaders heralded Soviet policies as favorable to their aspirations. They 'find in us a friend and an ally.'

Rykov recognized that the revolutionary tide in Western Europe is ebbing and that the labor movement there is 'slowing down.' But the situation is not stable. Rather cleverly, he turned against France's contention that Moscow must recognize the Tsar's debts precisely the argument that many Frenchmen use against the payment of their own Government's debts to the United States: 'The French, to be sure, lent large sums to the Tsar's Government, but they considered the Tsar's army part of their own military system.' He asserted that Russia had spent three million lives — of soldiers killed in action alone, not counting those dead from wounds and disease — to purchase France's victory in the war, and that this should be counted as a set-off against these debts. At the same time, he did not exclude the possibility of a compromise. Rykov also cautioned his hearers against hoping for any considerable financial help from foreign sources to rehabilitate Russia. That would not come until Russia proved herself able to begin that recovery independently.

Chicherin, the Soviet Foreign Minister, declared that the British Dominions were the world's most violent propagandist of white supremacy, and therefore the most determined opponents of the Bolshevist idea that all races and nationalities are equal and entitled to complete self-government. The United States, while holding much the same views as the British Dominions, is not equally consistent. Its authorities, for instance, are champions of the yellow race in China. 'We know that Ambassador Sherman has publicly stated that Comrade Karakhan, our representative in the Orient, is right in his intentions, and only wrong in his methods, when he advocates annulling the international agreements that hamper China to-day because they deny the sovereignty and prevent the free development of her people.' Japan, Chicherin declared, was embarrassed by her own imperialism. As an imperialist Power she was perforce a power of second rank. Hence her courtship of the Soviets. Later in his address Chicherin described in some detail alleged feelers put out to Mos-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cow for a resumption of relations between the United States and Russia.

Rykov and Chicherin naturally had the best press at the Conference. We know only in a most sketchy way what other delegates said — apparently they devoted themselves largely to eulogizing the Moscow dignitaries. Nevertheless, the debate upon the domestic situation brought out frank criticism from the peasant delegates that got into print. Camouflaged beneath involved and abstract verbiage are references to the persistent estrangement of the peasants from the Bolsheviki. Official reports assert that the agricultural situation is improving, that the area under cultivation is now about four-fifths what it was before the war, and that in the subsistence-farming — as distinguished from the grain-exporting—districts it is even larger than in 1914. In the Ukraine it is 97½ per cent and in Siberia 96 per cent of what it was at the former date. But a marked decrease is reported in the regions that suffered from the recent famine. Since the beginning of the war there has been a net decline in live stock, ranging from seven per cent in case of cattle to thirty per cent in case of horses, but recovery is now under way.

The résumé of the financial situation, if true, is most significant. Moscow's last budget provided for expenditures in round numbers of over two billion rubles, or about one billion dollars. Actual income, which is exceeding the original estimate, will leave a surplus of 268,000,000 rubles, or about $134,000,000. It is now proposed to lighten taxes, especially on agriculture.

One significant straw that perhaps shows the direction in which the current is flowing was an official recognition by the commissar speakers that the *kulak*, or village capitalist, may have been treated by them a bit too harshly. They admit that he has sometimes been unfairly persecuted. 'Often a thrifty person is called a kulak for no other reason than his thrift. . . . Every homestead in our villages must become tenfold wealthier and more prosperous than it is now, for with a hungry, illiterate peasantry we shall never make socialism a success.'

The peasant delegates, to judge from the reports, stuck closely to the matter-of-fact. Their speeches were the kind that would strike home in a rural New England town meeting. The speakers wanted the question of surveying pastures and wood lots freed from departmental red tape, a Government reserve of seed grain provided to use in case of crop failures, higher prices for produce and lower prices for manufactured goods. A peasant delegate from White Russia, while approving Moscow's desire to live in peace with Poland, thought the Government 'talked to that country in too mild a voice.'

After the business of the Conference was transacted, the delegates made a tour of Georgia, where, according to Soviet accounts, the populace received them with enthusiasm.

*

CHILD LABOR IN CHINA

Occasional notices in the Chinese press and an article in the *New Statesman* call attention to the aggravation of the child-labor evil in China since the introduction of the factory system. A commission was appointed in Shanghai nearly two years ago, on the initiative of an Englishwoman representing the Young Women's Christian Association in that city and consisting principally of foreigners, to investigate this evil. Its report has now been made public. Passing over the employment of very young children in domestic

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

service, shopkeeping, and small industries, which has always existed in China, the investigators come at once to the main subject of their inquiry. In match factories, for instance, the members found children 'certainly not more than five years of age' working at incredible speed for wages as low as nine cents a day. To this should be added that the poisonous white phosphorus is not prohibited in China, and that cases of phosphorus-poisoning were observed. In the silk mills children six years old work twelve hours a day or more in a hot, steamy atmosphere, preparing the cocoons for the reelers over basins of nearly boiling water. The Commission says of these tiny workers: —

In the main they present a pitiable sight. Their physical condition is poor, and their faces are devoid of any expression of happiness or well-being. They appear to be miserable both physically and mentally. The adults are given a certain number of cocoons from which they have to produce a given quantity of silk. Should they fall short of this quantity they are fined. They then frequently revenge themselves by ill-treating the children under them. . . . The work could be done by adults.

One of the largest modern industries in China is cotton-spinning. Conditions in the Shanghai factories are thus described: —

The Commission has visited a number of mills . . . both during the day and at night, and has seen very many children at work who could not have been more than six years of age. The hours of work are generally twelve, with not more than one hour off for a meal. The children frequently have to stand the whole time they are at work. . . . In many cases the atmospheric and dust conditions are bad. The sanitary arrangements in the majority of mills and factories leave very much to be desired. The average earnings of a young child are usually not more than twenty silver cents a day. The contract system of employment is common. Under this system the native contractor supplies the requisite labor, and is paid on production. This system is obviously open to grave abuse. The Commission heard evidence to the effect that in some instances contractors obtain young children from the country districts, paying the parents two dollars a month for the services of each child. By employing such children in the mills and factories the contractor is able to make a profit of about four dollars a month in respect of each child. These children are frequently most miserably housed and fed. They receive no money, and their conditions of life are practically those of slavery.

Shanghai has just indulged in a cotton-mill strike. Of the 1,800,000 spindles in that city and vicinity, Japanese proprietors own 910,000, native proprietors 620,000, and Chinese proprietors 269,000. The dispute, which was attended by rioting, was apparently confined to the Japanese establishments. There was the usual charge of Bolshevist agitation, and the strike-leaders, among whom was a school-teacher, were arrested. A nationalist aspect was given to the controversy. The strikers' press printed such appeals as the following: 'China is constantly insulted by Japan. . . . The opening of cotton mills in China by Japanese is an invasion of our national rights. . . . Our people employed in their mills suffer worse than the devils in Hell. Japanese foremen beat them with their fists and sticks, although they work twelve hours a day.'

A contributor to the *China Weekly Review* says, 'There is no positive proof that the strike is really due to Bolshevism.' He attributes the rapid extension of Japanese ownership to the fact that their mills exhibit a 'high degree of efficiency and honest and able management.' This conflicts with the more patriarchal system in the Chinese mills, whose foremen and labor heads control the working force and enjoy various

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sorts of 'squeeze.' The Japanese have not tolerated these practices, and consequently have made enemies of the Chinese padrones, who stir up labor trouble in revenge.

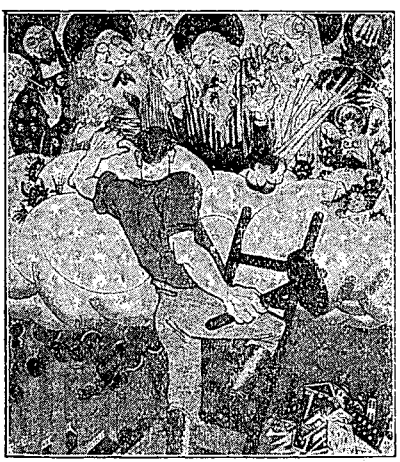
THE KURD REVOLT

A CONSTANTINOPLE correspondent writes in *Eleftheron Vima*, an Athens daily, that the 'obscure bandit chief Said' who, according to Turkish reports, is leading the Kurd revolt, is actually a famous Sheik and a lineal descendant of the Saladin of the Crusades. His wife, instead of being an ordinary Kurd mountaineer woman, is a sister of Sheik Abdullah, and a member of one of the noblest families of Asia Minor. Said is related by blood or marriage to prominent officers of the old Turkish army, who are supporting his movement.

All this suggests that the revolt springs from profound personal, political, and religious differences among people of New Turkey, and explains the reported mobilization of a large army to suppress it. Rumor has it that the insurgents are using airplanes to sprinkle the provinces with Kurdish proclamations; and according to some reports, they have from thirty to thirty-five thousand troops under arms.

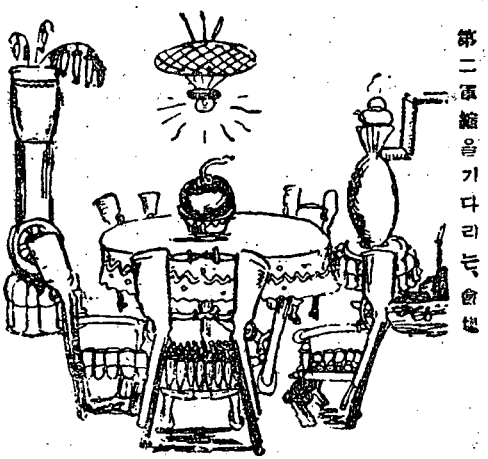
Mustapha Kemal is determined to wipe out Kurdish feudalism as an antiquated institution opposed to his modernizing programme and tending to perpetuate banditry and disorders in the interior mountain provinces. His Government, partly with this in view, and also in accord with its general plan of administrative reform, recently put into force a law abolishing the old provinces with their semi-independent governor-generals, and replacing them by smaller departments under prefects wholly subordinate to the central authorities. This substitution of a modern military-bureaucratic régime for the old aristocratic system is especially unpopular in the Kurdish end of the country. It is doubtful, however, if a movement originating with the Kurds can spread widely among the Turks proper, because the two races are hereditary enemies.

A BOLSHEVIST ANTIRELIGIOUS CARTOON



Communism Storms Heaven
— *Bezbozhnik*, Moscow

NO GUESTS ARRIVING



A Japanese Satire on the Proposed Washington Disarmament Conference. — *Korea Daily News*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICA'S PACIFIC MANŒUVRES[1]

BY CAPTAIN MIZUNO HIRONORI

[THE author is a well-known naval officer who has been placed on the retired list on account of his liberal views.]

AMERICA'S grand naval manœuvres were at length started in the early part of January. In point of area and duration they are entirely unprecedented, for they are to be conducted over the whole region of the Southern Pacific, extending to Australia and New Zealand, with Hawaii for centre, and are to last for a period of six months. Almost all the vessels of the American navy, big and small, exceeding one million tons in all, will participate in the exercises. It is evident that the cost must reach several scores of millions of yen.

Considering that the Pacific has been specially chosen for the seat of the manœuvres and that Japan is the only nation on the Pacific seaboard that is capable of engaging the American fleet in naval war, it is hardly necessary to say that the manœuvres are being conducted with Japan as the imaginary enemy, for it would be idle to suppose that the American fleet is at so much pains and expense with reference to such practically navyless nations as China, Australia, and New Zealand. But it would be improper to jump to the conclusion that America therefore regards Japan as an enemy. The fact is that as an imaginary enemy is essential to the determination of the scope or standard of a country's armament, so the clear conception of a hypothetical enemy is essential to render manœuvres really effective and useful. Before the Russian War the manœuvres of the Japanese navy were located chiefly in waters west of Japan and the Sea of Japan, whereas since then they have mostly been in the Pacific. Japanese naval manœuvres with the Bonins for centre would differ in nothing but size from the great American naval exercises that are being conducted with Hawaii for their centre.

But as the great naval manœuvres of Britain and Germany, who were imaginary enemies before the war, used to irritate the nations involved, so to-day many Japanese are offended at the present American manœuvres, which they regard as a demonstration against Japan. Indeed, some of our militarists who are not favorably disposed to America are using the incident for anti-American propaganda and to show the necessity for increasing armaments against America. If Americans really love peace as much as they profess, they should, out of moral scruple, curtail to some extent exercises that are so liable to engender misunderstanding or unpleasantness, though, logically speaking, Japan has no right to demand of America that the manœuvres be stopped, nor is America under any obligation to stop them.

It is interesting in this connection to compare the relative strength of the American and Japanese fleets and their respective locations in the possible event of a declaration of war between the two countries. By the Washington

[1] From *Chuo Koron* — 'Central Review' (Tokyo public-affairs monthly), *February*. Translated in *Japan Weekly Chronicle* (Kobe Anglo-Japanese newspaper), *February* 19.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Agreement, the naval ratios between America and Japan up to 1932 have been fixed at five to three so far as capital ships and aircraft supply-ships are concerned. No arrangements have yet been made fixing the ratios of subsidiary ships. But America must insist on maintaining in this respect the same ratios as in the other, so that the relative strength of the American and Japanese fleets must on the whole stand at five to three. As to the location of the belligerent fleets on the outbreak of the war, it is safe to suppose that the first moves of the war would find Hawaii in occupation of the American fleet. For should America be a member of the League of Nations, war could not be begun until a period of from three to nine months had elapsed after the reference of the dispute to arbitration; and even if she were still outside the League she would have to agree to the League's advice for reference, in which case the same interval as above would have to elapse after the reference and before the starting of hostilities, unless she were prepared to fight all the members of the League as provided in Articles Twelve and Seventeen of the League Covenant.

This interval of from three to nine months before the commencement of hostilities would suffice for America to put her whole fleet in fighting-trim and to send part of it around to Hawaii, without another Power being able to lodge any protest against the course, since Hawaii is American territory.

With the American fleet in occupation of Hawaii, four thousand miles away from Japan, it would be reckless or immensely hazardous for the inferior Japanese fleet to attack it, and nothing short of divine intervention would enable Japan to capture Hawaii with her naval force. The opposing fleets would thus have to remain the one at Hawaii and the other at Yokosuka, glaring at each other, as the party that made the first move would be a loser by it. In the meantime aerial attacks on towns would be attempted on both sides. Coasts would be bombarded by cruisers. The Philippines might be occupied by Japanese troops. But these subsidiary actions would not affect the general situation unless an event such as the razing of Tokyo to the ground occurred. As for the occupation of the Philippines, it would be a mere waste of labor and lives, because if Japan were defeated they would be recovered, while if Japan won the war they would pass under her rule even if not occupied. Even supposing that some chance enabled Japan to capture Hawaii, the distance between Japan and Hawaii being about twice as great as that between Hawaii and America, it would be extremely hard for her inferior naval force to protect regular supply-convoys across so great a distance. As for operations on a large scale beyond Hawaii and against the American continent, it may be confidently stated that they are well-nigh impossible. But the occupation of Hawaii by Japan, while from a Japanese point of view it would mean only the change from glaring at each other between Yokosuka and Hawaii to the same operation between Honolulu and San Francisco, would seem to America like a sword pointed at her very heart.

Therefore, with Hawaii safely in her occupation, America has nothing to fear from the Japanese navy, and the present manœuvres are quite justifiable so long as they aim at studying how to defend Hawaii in time of war. But according to report, the plan of the American navy contemplates sending a greater part of its fleet to Australia and New Zealand after the defensive manœuvres near Hawaii have been completed, in order to carry on combined manœuvres with the Australian

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fleet. The intended voyage of the American fleet has no doubt a diplomatic meaning: it is designed to promote amity between America and Australia. But it may well irritate the feelings of the Japanese people, because that naval visit will be made as a continuation of the great manœuvres. It is on too large a scale to be taken for an ordinary diplomatic call, especially if, as is rumored, the Australian fleet is expected to join in the subsequent manœuvres. The distance between Hawaii and New Zealand or the eastern shore of Australia is about the same as that between Hawaii and Tokyo Bay, or four thousand sea miles, and the voyage will prove the practicability of the voyage of a similar armada from Hawaii to Japan. So the voyage of the American fleet to Australia may, in a sense, be looked upon as a rehearsal of aggressive operations against Japan. . . .

The relations between America and Japan, which were relieved by the Washington Agreements and improved by the great sympathy shown this nation by America on the occasion of the earthquake, have suddenly taken a turn for the worse in consequence of the anti-Japanese legislation in the spring of last year. As a result, the prevailing sentiment in Japan toward America is very dangerous. It is reported that many officers are inculcating extreme anti-American sentiments into their soldiers. Several books have been published urging the nation to deal with America as an enemy, to chastise America, and the like. This has been magnified by anti-Japanese agitators in America until Americans who do not know the real strength of Japan are clamoring for war, while those who know better have thought it politic to get up huge manœuvres in order to intimidate Japan by a superior show of force.

But while many Japanese thoughtlessly and irresponsibly talk of war with America, there is hardly any person with any knowledge of the conditions in Japan and America who seriously entertains the idea of hostilities between the two nations. War should be started, if at all, only when there is a firm belief in victory. Nothing is more dangerous and pernicious than to fan warlike sentiments without an invincible resolution to fight to a bitter and victorious end. From a military point of view we have nothing to fear from the American manœuvres, because it is our firm belief that so long as the Japanese navy maintains its present strength and does not venture on reckless tactics the American navy will be unable to do anything against Japan except make aerial attacks. What is to be feared is that our militarists and morbid chauvinists may incite the docile and credulous nation to an unnecessary extension of armaments and an unprofitable war with America.

But while the thoughtful section of this nation never contemplates war with America, it is not without reason that the foreign nations suspect Japan of militaristic and aggressive views and stand on their guard. To begin with, as a result of many years' isolation, our nation is devoid of diplomatic training and has the fault of expressing its feelings to foreign nations bluntly and coarsely. In common with the other Orientals, Japanese are apt to attach importance to the surface rather than to substance, to appearances rather than to contents. The anti-Japanese immigration law, for instance, is really a trivial matter when it is calmly scrutinized, and yet there are people who talk as if we must fight to vindicate the honor of the country. America deserves sympathetic consideration for disliking Japanese immigrants, even as we object to the immigration of Chinese la-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

borers. Japan would be in the wrong if she regarded America as a legitimate outlet for her superfluous population or a preserve for her unemployed.

Furthermore, as not many years have elapsed since the overthrow of the feudal system under which the *bushi* were all-powerful, the military spirit is still deeply implanted in the soul of our nation, and many leaders in all lines of activity — political, economic, and otherwise — are people who have received the baptism of bushi. Besides, our great victories in the wars with China and Russia, which are believed to have brought about the present progress of the country, naturally strengthened the influence of military men and gradually led to the formation of a military clique of great political weight. The governmental institutions of Japan, moreover, are modeled on the German system. Their military spirit is pronounced, for example, in the regulations concerning the appointment of the Ministers for the Army and Navy, and the power of certain military and naval magnates to approach the Emperor personally with their views. Since the military spirit is strong in our nation, the military clique is powerful in politics, and our institutions are decidedly militaristic, Japan must inevitably move along militaristic lines.

It is a mistake, however, to imagine that the Japanese are a bloodthirsty and belligerent nation. In fact, they do not know what a serious foreign war is like. Their success against China and Russia has given them false faith in themselves. They are disposed to welcome a war in the belief that they are sure to be victorious and to win new territories. Knowing only the advantages of war and not its evils, the nation has been taught to talk thoughtlessly of it. If the present generation is warlike, therefore, it is not because of its inborn national character, but a result of its exaggerated faith in *Yamato-damashii* and an overhigh opinion of its military genius.

Of late we hear brave cries of 'Asia for the Asiatics,' or 'The Great League of Asia.' So far as justice and humanity go, we entirely endorse the idea. As a matter of fact, however, the greater part of Asia is not peopled by Asiatics. In order to bring about 'Asia for the Asiatics,' we shall have to expel the whites from Asia and recover the independence and freedom of Asiatic nations. It is hardly necessary to point out that nothing is more likely to be resented than such a movement by the white nations, to whom 'Asia for the Asiatics' is an open challenge. So if Japan assumes leadership of an Asiatic League, it is obvious that the attacks of the white nations will be concentrated on Japan.

Furthermore, the principle of Asia for the Asiatics logically means Japan for the Japanese, Korea for the Koreans, and so on. It is thus inconsistent for Japan to preach this ideal while she herself holds Korea under her domination. The colored races are the proletariat of the world, so to speak, and Asia for the Asiatics means the emancipation of the racial proletariat from white oppression. This being so, is it fitting for Japan, herself an imperialistic Power though on a small scale, to presume to lead the proletarian nations to their emancipation? Human nature is indeed a complex and curious thing: Japanese Conservatives, who are most zealous in defending capitalism and most strongly opposed to the emancipation of the proletariat, are the very ones who are most annoyed by the American naval manœuvres and who have war between Japan and America constantly in their mouths.

America is a new country. It has no old traditions and conventions. It is not trammeled by time-honored usages.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Its people are creative and progressive, fresh in spirit, free in ideas, bold, willful and changeable in temper, like the sons of a rich man who have had no experience in life's trials. Should the Japanese, sentimental and stubborn, fly in the face of a nation so impulsive and excitable as the Americans are, a collision will be inevitable. In dealing with the Americans, therefore, Japan would do better to follow the example of the cool and deliberate British.

No other two neighboring nations contrast with each other in so many respects as America and Japan. America is an extensive country sparsely peopled and so an importer of immigrants, while Japan is a small country densely crowded and an exporter of emigrants. In the United States equality rules in society and liberalism and progressivism in politics, whereas in Japan society is cut up into classes and politics are dominated by militarism and conservatism. The Americans are outspoken and frank, while we are silent and gloomy. They are apt to laugh and play pranks; we are disposed to take offense and get angry. They attach greater importance to substance than to form, while the reverse is the case with us. The only points of resemblance are perhaps that neither country has had any experience with real international difficulties and that both are willful and self-conceited. But these differences are no reason why the two nations should disagree and quarrel. There is really no cause for them to go to war with each other.

Korea was the object of the Sino-Japanese War, and Manchuria was the cause of the Russo-Japanese War. In like manner, Cuba was the reason for the war between the United States and Spain. But there is no such motive for war between Japan and America. As for China, she is not a problem between Japan and America alone, but a problem for the whole world. If collision ever occurs between America and Japan, therefore, it must be either a conflict of feelings or a conflict of misunderstandings or a conflict of honor.

There is one serious question which Japan must settle in order to adjust her relations with America — nay, with the entire outer world. That is the question of population. What is to be done to accommodate our ever-increasing numbers to our scanty resources? This is Japan's greatest problem, and is troubling the whole world. This is one reason why America regards Japan with doubt and suspicion. It is entirely on account of this that Australia is afraid of Japan, and Holland is so alarmed for her South Sea islands, France for Annam, and Britain for India. The objection of Westerners that it is irrational for Japan to procreate beyond her means of subsistence and then insist on shipping some of her children to foreign countries, callous though it seems, is reasonable. So long as Japan does not settle this problem independently of external assistance, the other nations will not cease to be on their guard against her. What is the proprietor of a confectionary to think when a man of suspicious appearance stands about his shop with an army of greedy urchins?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IS GERMANY DISARMED? [1]

BY LUDOVIC NAUDEAU

[We continue M. Naudeau's account of his observations in Germany with the principal paragraphs of his discussion of the chief — and most controversial — topic of his inquiry. The forty-three-page article on German disarmament, by Brigadier-General J. H. Morgan, from which the author quotes, was printed in last October's issue of the British *Quarterly Review*.]

The first article of every German's political creed to-day is that his country was not responsible for the war. He will tell you, 'Europe was swept into a whirlpool, Germany with the rest.' Innumerable volumes have been published to persuade him that some particular Entente statesman maliciously precipitated hostilities. He starts out with an assumption, which he will not permit to be questioned and which there is a moral conspiracy to maintain, that no German ever wanted war. His people are a unit in disavowing an adventure that, having proved so disastrous, could not in their opinion have been planned by themselves.

In the second place, Germany no longer remembers that she devastated France. When you bring that to a German's attention he will turn the conversation or will murmur, 'It was very regrettable, but it was war.' On the other hand, even liberal and reasonable Germans insist that the Treaty of Versailles was imposed on Germany.

'But,' I would object, 'every treaty that ever ended a war was "imposed." Did we not have a knife against our throat when we signed the Treaty of Frankfort in 1871?'

Germans also say that in 1918 they honestly trusted to Wilson's Fourteen Points. Theodore Wolff, the editor of *Berliner Tageblatt*, and the leading liberal journalist in Germany, protested to me: 'No plebiscite was taken in the territories that were torn away from us. If our enemies were so sure that they were right, why would not they consult the wishes of the people whose fate was in their hands? Furthermore, this is the first instance, I believe, where a treaty has contained a clause demanding the complete disarmament of a great nation. Everything goes to show that the Treaty of Versailles was imposed upon us; for in addition to all the rest we were not allowed to discuss it before affixing our signature.'

This is the absolute conviction of every representative German with whom I have had an opportunity to talk. One can easily see what danger lurks in this state of mind. If Germany honestly believes that she is no more responsible for the outbreak of the war than any other of the belligerents, and if she also honestly believes that her enemies abused her confidence to impose upon her harsh peace-terms violating every canon of justice and reason, then instead of being a guilty party she is herself a victim of oppression; and a victim has an inalienable right to appeal to the future for redress.

This seems to be the dominant state of mind in Germany in 1925. The people refuse to remember their own past

[1] From *L'Illustration* (Paris illustrated literary weekly), *February* 28

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

errors, and regard themselves as martyrs whom we are oppressing. They imagine that a sort of conspiracy born of hatred and envy has inflicted on their country untold misery, mutilation, and shameful indignities — like the occupation of the Ruhr. They speak of these things as veritable 'slavery.' Their only consolation is their faith that the future will redress their wrongs.

I do not overlook the existence of a powerful Socialist Party that is more inclined than any other body of citizens to recognize Germany's responsibility, to keep the Treaty, and to maintain peace. But we must not let ourselves be unduly deluded in regard to them. Even assuming their absolute sincerity, we must bear in mind that, despite the nominal strength of the Social Democrats in the Reichstag, the Nationalists and other reactionary parties are equally strong numerically and have the powerful advantage of wealth and social prestige. They control the press, they are men of initiative and enterprise, they are accustomed to rule. The Social Democratic Party is a great organization, but when we speak of Germany as a whole we do not think of her as a socialist country, especially in her international dealings.

When a Frenchman discusses disarmament with representative Germans he notices at once that even though they belong to opposite Parties they express practically the same opinions in almost identical words. They all insist that Germany is absolutely disarmed. They shrug their shoulders and lift their eyes to heaven at any allusion to the secret preparations for war that the Allied officers of control believe they have detected. They know nothing about them, they deny them, they laugh at our fears, they declare we are the dupes of our excited imagination. They adjure us to recover our reason. . . .

How are we to interpret this unanimous denial? Are we to assume that German civilians, irrespective of their rank, their responsibility, and their official positions, are kept rigorously ignorant of the subtle combinations that General von Seeckt is sedulously spinning? Or do they think they understand the situation when they are but imperfectly informed? Or may we assume that these civilians consider such things entirely out of their sphere of action, and refuse to know what is happening on the theory that it does not lie within their province? I shall take the liberty not to adopt any one of these hypotheses, and to leave it to my readers to form their own opinion.

For five years the military experts of the Allies have been studying the situation, and they are agreed concerning one thing. Since the Treaty of Versailles was signed an evolution has been under way in Germany in the direction of giving that country a certain sort of military organization. But since this evolution has been secret and has occurred simultaneously with the pretty effective destruction of the old military machine, it is exceedingly difficult to say precisely what it has accomplished.

Probably the truth lies somewhere between two extremes. Those who maintain that Germany is armed to the teeth are deceiving both us and themselves. Those who, making realities of their wishes, assert that Germany has divested herself completely of all her armor, are probably hugging a dangerous illusion. Is Germany disarmed? Yes, if this means that her fortresses have been dismantled, her armaments destroyed, her former military forces disbanded. No, if this means that during the confusion that has attended the destruction of the old system and under the dust of its ruins nothing has been done to rebuild under cover what has been swept away. Will Germany be in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a position to fight to-morrow? Unquestionably no. But on the other hand, are we entitled to expect that any sort of control of a permanent character can be exercised over Germany that will prevent her recovering her military strength if she so desires? . . .

From the time the Interallied Commission of Control first set foot on German soil the German military authorities have beset its path with obstacles that have in many cases practically nullified its surveillance. . . . While appearing to accept our inspection with good grace, the Germans have managed to elude it by a shrewd system of mystifications, suppression of documents, false reports, and other evasions.

In February 1920 the Germans seized upon the pretext of the disorders in Berlin, Munich, and the Ruhr to ask the Allies for permission to maintain a force double that prescribed in the Treaty — that is, an army of two hundred thousand men, equipped with heavy artillery and airplanes. At that time the Germans dreamed of creating a real army, and with that in prospect general staffs for twenty divisions were secretly organized.

Three months after the Commission began its labors — that is to say, on April 24, 1920 — the German Government resumed its efforts. Insisting on the danger of Communist disorders, it demanded the privilege of manufacturing artillery ammunition sufficient to supply an army vastly greater than it possessed. At the same time the German authorities informed the Commission that they intended to preserve intact for two years longer the personnel engaged in the work of demobilization. This was an extraordinary announcement, since this personnel consisted of 3579 officers, 16,392 under-officers, and only 8517 privates! Besides this, pension bureaus were discovered that, after a full examination, appeared to be merely the old recruiting-offices under another name. Little by little it was brought to light that Germany was trying to maintain under different titles her whole organization for carrying out a general mobilization. The Commission immediately put a stop to this, but there are excellent reasons to believe that the famous pension bureaus still have in their possession lists of every man in Germany qualified for military service, at least down to the class of 1921.

Be this as it may, the Spa Conference put an end to this first period of tortuous evasion. The conscription maintained up to that time by various artifices was finally abolished. The army was reduced to the hundred thousand men provided by the Treaty. The whole system of clandestine general staffs vanished. Volunteer military organizations were disarmed. Germany apparently submitted.

Two years ago the German Minister of Defense politely requested the Interallied Commission to withdraw from the country. He assured its members that their task was finished, that there was nothing left to watch or to uncover in Germany. Now just at that time several puzzling incidents, not fully explained to this day, were troubling the members of that body. But when they asked for certain documents relative to recruiting that might clear up these questions, the German Minister of Defense turned a deaf ear to their solicitations, and nothing was done. The Commission remained and continued to discover interesting facts.

What, for example, is the Green Police, the *Schutzpolizei* — that perfectly proper organization whose members exceed by at least one fifth, and probably more, the authorized figure? Why does a large part of the Schupo live in barracks? Why does it spend its time chiefly in military drill? The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

German authorities argue that they need this force, which is absolutely loyal to the Republic, in case extremists either on the Communist or the Monarchist side try to make trouble. Is n't it quite logical, however, to regard the Schupo as practically identical with the *Reichswehr!*

That brings us to the question, What is the Reichswehr? Is it limited strictly to the hundred thousand men provided in the Treaty? How does it happen that in this army the salary-lists show that there are 35,644 sergeants and 40,000 corporals commanding 20,000 privates? What is the meaning of the excessive number of commissioned officers? Why do certain regiments have three colonels? Does n't all this suggest that the Reichswehr and the Schupo are merely two great military academies designed to furnish the officers for an invisible army of vastly more than a hundred thousand men?

By various devices the Germans have been able to give military instruction to a large number of young men enrolled as volunteers, or *Zeitfreiwillige.* How many of these have received such training? It is impossible to say. Some of our military experts believe that General von Seeckt has at present ready for service at least half a million men, in addition to the old classes, which have been kept up, as we have just shown, through the pension bureaus. Undoubtedly also there is reason for the alarm that the Commission feels on account of the frequent discovery of secret depots of arms and munitions.

But a far more serious aspect is given the situation by the fact that the moment the Interallied Commission is withdrawn the Germans could, if they were disposed to do so, restore their munitions factories in an incredibly short time to their condition in 1918. Instead of scrapping their munitions works after the Armistice, they converted them to other uses. Now the analogy between ordinary industrial production and armaments production is so close in many instances that not more than five per cent of a manufacturing plant can be set down as unquestionably available solely for peace manufacturing. All the remainder can be transformed in a few days to military uses. At the Krupps Works, notwithstanding the reiterated cautions of the Allies, no machinery formerly employed for making heavy artillery has been scrapped. It is not only intact, but it is carefully kept in the best of condition. Furthermore, there is a disturbing resemblance between the methods of building heavy machinery and of forging heavy artillery that makes it exceedingly difficult to determine just where the line between the two lies.

Although carefully camouflaged, there exists at Berlin, as everybody knows, an economic general staff, such as Germany lamented not having set up before 1914. Every industry indispensable for war has been reorganized, subventioned, and coördinated by this controlling body. Germany has rendered herself virtually independent of outside supplies for cement, sulphuric acid, nitric acid, and aluminum. All the rolling stock with which she has so liberally equipped her railways since the war can easily be adapted to military uses. Germany would have at present two hundred thousand troop-cars at her disposition, or considerably more than in 1913.

It is of little practical value to compute just how many months it would take Germany, if she were free from military inspection, to reëquip herself completely for war. You will note I say 'months,' for our military experts assure me that it would not require much more than a year. Is not every one of the fifteen thousand chemical

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

factories in Germany an arsenal in itself? During the last war three quarters of the explosives that the Germans used were supplied by private factories practically out of their regular line of products. . . .

Instead of venturing an opinion of my own on this whole subject, let me quote two extracts from an article by the British General Morgan in the *Quarterly Review:* —

'The truth is that, as things are, the real security for the peace of Europe is not to be found in the results achieved, or likely to be achieved, by the Control Commission, or any committee organized by the League of Nations.' 'I think it certain that the German Government will never abandon its subtle evasion of the military clauses of the Treaty of Versailles until it has secured the enforcement of that preamble to the military clauses which declares that, "in *order to render* possible the initiation of a *general limitation of the armaments of all the nations*," Germany agrees to her own disarmament. She will demand the redemption of that preamble, and General von Seeckt is not likely to arrest his present preparations until she gets it, and perhaps not even then. In other words, Germany will never be completely disarmed until Europe completely disarms.'

I foresee that my reader will feel the same sentiment of irritation that I personally experienced in reading these lines; but we must look facts in the face, and not let ourselves be deluded by conventional opinions, stereotyped phrases, and fluent generalities that lead us nowhere. It is our duty, therefore, to examine this statement without prejudice in the light of what we know of human nature.

I met at Berlin an officer of high rank in the army of one of our Allies who asked me a question that I had difficulty in answering. I put it to you: 'Is it to be expected of human nature that a people distinguished up to the present for their military qualities will consent of their own accord to disarm themselves as long as they see themselves surrounded by other nations whom they look upon as enemies and who maintain powerful armaments?'

But, you will object, it is not a question of Germany's consenting. She has nothing to say about it. She has promised to disarm. Yes, of course that is very easy to say at Paris; but the fact is that the Allies have not been able during the six years that have elapsed since the Armistice to compel her to keep that promise. You see, unfortunately in practice it depends upon Germany herself to disarm. And since her disarmament is, as an actual fact, something that her own will must decide, how can we doubt what her decision will be? To be sure, we can try to bend her will by threatening to occupy indefinitely the left bank of the Rhine, and it is conceivable that she will ostentatiously make us certain concessions in order to secure its evacuation. But what progress shall we have made if the day after our departure she proceeds to rearm herself — something that her huge industrial equipment and her vast resources will enable her to do with ease? Germany's disarmament will mean nothing unless it is continuous, and it will not be continuous unless it is sincere. What will her mere disarmament profit us if we must always contemplate the possibility that she will revert to a state of high military preparation a few years later? Germany — we must not deceive ourselves on this point — possesses formidable reserves. They constitute her latent strength. It is not in our power to destroy them.

The high military officer I mention also said this to me: 'See, then, the hopeless impasse in which Europe finds

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

herself. Whether we like it or not, it is human nature for Germany to rearm, for sooner or later she can do so, and she is encouraged to do so by seeing several powerful nations armed to the teeth on her frontiers. But on the other hand, is n't the fact that these nations are armed to the teeth due precisely to their fear and anticipation that the German colossus will again attack them? Is it at all likely that they will reduce their own armaments first, in order to encourage Germany to disarm by their good example? Not by any means. For all Europe is agreed that Germany, thanks to her giant industries, her highly trained engineers and scientists, and the character and discipline of her population, will always be on a war footing even when she herself imagines she is on a peace footing. Consequently we are brought face to face with this hopeless conclusion — that "Germany is not disarmed, because, being a natural arsenal, she is not disarmable." This is a disagreeable fact to face, but it is most perilous to refuse to see it. Is n't the sole remedy for the evils that threaten our civilization to provide in some way that Germany will not want to arm herself?'

But is it possible thus to persuade Germany? By what concessions can we buy permanent disarmament from a people whose appetite grows with eating, whose most typical trait is lack of a sense of proportion? Does Germany thank us to-day because we evacuated Dortmund, returned her Rhenish railways, and promise speedily to quit the Ruhr? Not at all. She disregards our conciliatory gestures. What might she not demand of her neighbors if once she became convinced that their chief desire was to convert her to pacifism?

We accuse Germany of refusing to disarm either materially or morally. Moral disarmament would be an admirable thing, but don't you think it an expression so sublime that it verges on the chimerical? You may, if you have the strength and the determination, force a hostile people to disarm materially for a time, but even if you were to inflict personal punishment upon every individual of that country, you could not know how the person regarded you in his own heart. You may keep order on the public streets, as Suvorov did at Warsaw, with drawn bayonets, but you have no way of knowing that the victims of those bayonets do not curse you with their expiring breath. The human soul is incoercible, its secrets are impenetrable, and you cannot disarm a people morally except by love. You may compel them to modify their conduct temporarily, but you never can compel them to change their opinions — that is to say, their intentions.

In order to persuade the Germans to disarm morally we must persuade them that their present idea of all that has happened since 1914 is wrong. Or else we must agree with them that they are unhappy victims of spoilation, and entitled to full reparation for their wrongs.

Furthermore, if the French were facing the Germans alone they might eventually, if they talked things over long enough, come to some sort of agreement with them, at least for the time being. As a matter of fact, our neighbors practically never mention Alsace-Lorraine. They may not have forgotten those provinces, they may unexpectedly bring them to the fore when a favorable opportunity offers, but at the present time they do not talk much about that subject, and make no claims against us on that score.

But the situation is entirely different when one discusses with them the eastern frontier, and especially to Danzig, where East Prussia is completely cut off from the rest of the country. This 'mutilation,' as they call it, — but

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more truly reparation for an ancient injustice, — exasperates the Germans. They make no secret of their determination to wipe out, and that before very long, the Polish corridor.

'I should not care to be standing in the shoes of the Poles,' writes General Morgan, with disconcerting terseness. But France and Poland are inseparable friends. If Poland were attacked on the Vistula what should we do? To intervene would mean a new war; to stand passive would be to let a friendly Power, whose existence is very important for us, be crushed. At the present moment the most dangerous and baffling question in European politics is the Danzig Corridor.

AN HOUR WITH THOMAS HARDY[1]

BY FRÉDÉRIC LEFÈVRE

Thomas Hardy was born in 1840 in a Dorsetshire hamlet, and passed his childhood there on the edge of a forest, not far from the heath at Egdon, which he was later to immortalize in one of his finest novels, *The Return of the Native*. There is valuable information on his life and his work in Madeleine L. Cazamian's book, *Le roman et les idées en Angleterre*, and in *Le roman anglais contemporain*, by Firmin Roz, the French translator of *Jude the Obscure* and *The Woodlanders*, and also in Valéry Larbaud's book, *Ce vice impuni, la lecture*. It is, I suppose, impossible to form a serious opinion upon contemporary French literature as a whole without making a thorough study of Thomas Hardy's work.

Thomas Hardy counts among his ancestors men of mark like that Hardy who was Nelson's friend, and local benefactors like the man who, in the sixteenth century, founded the little school which the future novelist attended. Still others were farmers and artisans, and Hardy's own father was a builder.

His early education was primarily literary. When he was still a child, his mother put in his hands Dryden's translation of Vergil. She made him learn Latin at the age of twelve, and gave him French lessons at fifteen. At Dorchester, the 'Casterbridge' of his novels, where he was a student of architecture from 1856 to 1860, he read the Greek tragedies and the great English writers with a friend who had gone to the university. The architect's necessity of traveling about the district, — which he was later to transform into the Wessex of his novels, — in order to make sketches or draw plans which his profession required, enlarged and completed his knowledge of all that country. Later he went to London, where in 1863 he received the medal of the Royal Institute of British Architects and the Tate prize for architectural design, and where he lived for ten years, not returning to Dorchester until 1874, when he married and settled down for good in his native country.

The success of his fourth novel, *Far from the Madding Crowd*, enabled him to devote himself entirely to literature. Besides his professional studies, he kept

[1] From *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* (Paris literary weekly), *February* 21

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

up in London the reading that he had begun at Dorchester, which explains why we find him in the list of students for a French course at King's College in 1865; and he also came into contact with scientific and philosophic thought.

In his study of Hardy, one of the most comprehensive ever devoted to the great novelist, M. Firmin Roz writes: 'Mr. Hardy calls one of the volumes in which he has collected his short stories *Life's Little Ironies*. If we remove the diminutive adjective, that title would apply to all his works. He concerns himself with life's cruelty, with its bitter taste seasoned with misanthropy, with disdain and with revolt.

'If he deals with the tragedies of passion, it is because they show the dramatic irony of our destiny. If he attacks social constraints, it is because they add to it.'

Passion is the inexhaustible theme of Hardy's novels, and passion always creates suffering. This is the inevitable law of which all the work of the great English novelist is the illustration and the development. Three things oppose our desire for harmony: the tyranny of passion, the weight of social custom, and pure chance. It has been said that in Hardy's writings chance always comes in at a certain point to make everything turn out for the worst. On this point one might begin a fierce debate. We should have to take under consideration the fundamental laws of the novel, and we should certainly discover that the novelist's art is first and above all an expression of the tragedy of human life.

This art Hardy possesses in as high a degree as Dostoevskii himself. Hardy lives the life of his characters while he describes it; and that sympathy of his — which is, in fact, intelligence — breeds in him a pity for the weaknesses of the heart and its misery, anger against the harshness with which society increases the sorrows of humanity.

It has been alleged that too rigorous a determinism weighs down Hardy's books; but it should be said in his defense that his heroes are often simple creatures of instinct, and that the love which overwhelms them is often purely physical passion. Finally it should be made clear that in Hardy's work nature is always present. In *The Return of the Native*, that marvelous novel which was translated into French last year, — and rather badly translated, by the way, — Egdon Heath plays, if I may be allowed to say so, the part of the chief character.

Unhappily all of Hardy's work is not yet translated into French. Lately we have had a new edition of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* in Madame Rolland's excellent translation — a book which had been out of print for many years. We can now read in our own language *Jude the Obscure*, *The Return of the Native*, *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, *Under the Greenwood Tree*, *The Woodlanders*, *The Well-beloved*, and *A Pair of Blue Eyes*.

We left Reading on our way to visit Thomas Hardy, about ten o'clock in the morning. Reading is a city of about a hundred thousand inhabitants, situated some fifty miles from London in Berkshire county, and is celebrated for its famous biscuits. The night before I had given a lecture in the new university. The biscuits and the university, by the way, are not without a mutual relationship — but that is another story.

Thomas Hardy lives in Dorsetshire, about a mile from Dorchester, only a few miles from the sea, in a modest country house with trees all around it. Scarcely was I out of the train when I hailed a taxi and gave the address of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the master. Then between the chauffeur and the pilgrim this strange dialogue took place: —

Myself: 'Max Gate';

The Chauffeur: 'All right. I'll take you to the seashore. The weather is fine, the view magnificent. The distance is short — about three miles.'

I looked at him and interrupted: 'What I want you to do is to drive me to Max Gate, Mr. Hardy's house. I am not talking about the sea.'

'I understand that. I get that order several times a week, but I always make the same reply, because I don't want to disappoint the visitors by taking them to a door that I know by old experience is obstinately shut.'

'Well, go there all the same.'

The chauffeur gave a shake of his head which meant, no doubt, 'Oh, these Frenchmen!' and set off. He stopped before the entrance with a knowing whirl, and as I started to pay him said: 'I'll wait. If they don't let you in, I'll take you back to Dorchester.' I had to tell him that the master was expecting me, but even after I had disappeared for several minutes he was still waiting there, uncertain of my reception.

I was received on the threshold by Mrs. Hardy, who made me welcome in the most courteous terms, explaining that the master was delighted to receive one of those young Frenchmen whose affectionate admiration had so deeply touched him. Then we went into the salon, where a few moments later Thomas Hardy joined us. If my emotion was great, my surprise was assuredly no less.

Thomas Hardy will be eighty-five next June, and I had hardly expected the amazing vitality that he displayed throughout our short conversation. He spoke first of his love for France, and what a disappointment it was to think that *The Dynasts* should have been translated into German before it was translated into French. When I said that there might still be time to get ahead of the Germans, and that I should be glad to try, he smiled. From Germany our talk passed to the war — an easy transition.

'I never can think without astonishment,' said he, 'that there are some people in different countries who dare to talk about the benefits of war. What nonsense, what stupidity! War is an evil thing, and can only breed evil. No one is justified in trying to make out that war has had a beneficial effect upon things æsthetic. I frankly do not understand that. Since war has diminished our human capital — and to what a degree! — it has therefore diminished our intellectual capital. Many young writers were killed, and I frankly do not see how their intellectual wealth can have found its way to those who survived.

'You ask about lessons of the war? Yes, but they cannot be utilized. There are no lessons of war. War is a fatality. It has nothing to do with either reason or intelligence. War is something irresistible. It seems to obey some kind of devilish determinism, and when peoples go to war they do not make that ridiculous decision in order to follow the counsels of reason or to obey their intelligence. No development or perfection in either one or the other could stop wars, since neither reason nor intelligence has anything to do with supporting them. Perhaps tomorrow things will be otherwise, but I have no great confidence. I think rather that we are entering on a dark age whose port of entry was the abominable war we have just lived through.

'The Great War seems to me to weigh upon the world like a curse, and it has not yet borne its bitterest fruit. Does it not terrify you to think that, at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the very hour when your poor land of France is smoking with the blood of millions of dead whom the peoples of the world left there, there are still those who in the newspapers of the whole world even now are talking about the next war — "the next," as they call it, in a kind of ghastly abbreviation? Is this not a cause for frank despair? What causes me perhaps a still greater surprise is that those who read these journals find all this quite natural. They do not throw such newspapers down in disgust. You should have seen the papers yesterday. They were filled with the discovery of some German chemist whose genius sufficed to invent a kind of powder a very small amount of which can destroy entire cities. I do not say that this was admired, but at least people lingered with guilty willingness over this discovery. I tell you, if there were any sense in those who govern us, that man would have been hanged high and quickly. There would have been less pity for him than for a counterfeiter.

'These visits that you are making to English writers can only be beneficial to the intellectual bond between the two peoples. But I do not see that anything can save the world from all the bloody follies in which for ten years it has sunk itself. Religion alone has any chance of success in bringing about this union of the people. By religion I mean the religious spirit, but at this moment religion is suffering such shocks, such transformations, that its capacity for action is curiously diminished.

'I believe that we are moving toward the disappearance of dogmas. The hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church, once so august, has for some generations failed in the magnificent opportunity given it to create the religion of the future. When the Neo-Catholics advanced with such confidence and tenderness, the Church repulsed them. She made a gesture toward the past. The Church did not understand the Oxford Movement, nor did she understand that in applying the principle of evolution to faith and dogma she would have strengthened the instinctive tendencies of the English soul toward the reintroduction of the liturgy, and that perhaps would not have been the only, or the most important, result of a friendly reception at that moment. By adopting a generous attitude she might have enrolled several millions of agnostics who were waiting. The Church did not do it, and I thought then that perhaps the Roman Church had lost faith in herself and in her mission, because she lacked the radiant confidence that she could receive and assimilate without difficulty the new elements that were offered.

'The Church of England has dignity, strength, and solidity enough, all due to the ancient traditions, so that one might discern possibilities of her transformation. The Church of England enjoys such prestige that she might, in our country, gather up the remnants of morality.

'I dream of an alliance between religions freed from dogmas. The religion which ought to be preserved if the world is not to perish absolutely and which we must achieve if the world is not to perish, an alliance of rationalism and religion, would be created by poetry. People are likely to forget that poetry, pure literature, and religion are three different names for one and the same thing. Poetry, pure literature, and religion are the visible points of the most authentic mental and emotional life, and I am happy to think that this religion without dogmas — in which, I think, we may see in advance the religion of the future and by which all of the modern world that can

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be saved will be saved — may find shelter for its meditation and its songs in the churches of to-day.

'The folly of the war and all the follies which it engendered, the appalling development of selfishness, the cult, if I may say so, of egoism, scientific development linked directly with a corresponding strangling of wisdom, the degrading thirst for disordered excitement, constitute such a menace for civilization that rationalism and religion ought to league themselves without delay to battle against the invading barbarism.'

'Just now,' said I, 'you showed a keen desire to see *The Dynasts* translated into French. Is that your favorite among your books?'

Mr. Hardy smiled gently.

'I am especially fond of the little poems, which I am trying to make successful to-morrow and in the days that follow. Nevertheless, to speak frankly, I do have a weakness for that rather long-drawn-out work, and especially for the third part. If the whole thing were not to be translated into French, I should prefer to have the third part translated, because I think it superior to the other two. I imagine that the subject and the way in which I have treated it would not be too distasteful to the French public. One of my thoughts in writing the book was to show that in the Napoleonic wars England was not fighting the French people, but their Emperor.'

'It is not possible to escape from literary influences,' said Mr. Hardy in answer to a question, 'but I think that the best are indirect, or, if I may employ a French phrase, *à retardement*. Thus, at the moment when I was carrying *The Dynasts* around in my mind, I had occasion to read *War and Peace* by Tolstoi, whose *Anna Karenina* I had just finished with keen interest. I had carefully kept from reading it hitherto because I thought the subject of the book and its orchestration too closely related to what I was trying to do myself. I have not read the French novelists for a long time, either. They are too fascinating, too enveloping, and their influence is bad for you. There is a certain number of English novelists who, I imagine, would not stand being translated into French, because they would find themselves in a land which knew them already, and the French would be surprised at the very considerable borrowing that had been made from them. I have read a good deal of Stendhal, especially his *La Chartreuse de Parme*. To-day — I must seem very old to you — I am reading especially Corneille, Racine, and Hugo.'

Here Mr. Hardy indulged in a smile of keen irony: 'Someone told me the other day that your young comrades are inclined to despise Hugo a little too much. Believe me, the reason is that they do not know him enough. Hugo is a good, great man, and I have a feeling that in saying that I am stating a too evident banality. After to-day he will defy the centuries.

'Yes, yes, I always read a good deal, and in the evening, when my poor eyes are tired, Mrs. Hardy reads aloud to me. I have just been rereading *Hamlet*. I read hardly anything but poetry.'

Tea-time had come, but by a delicate attention on the master's part Mrs. Hardy offered us, instead of the traditional tea, French coffee, and in defiance of his doctor's orders Thomas Hardy took a cup and drank with us. (I may say in passing that it was in the salon of Max Gate that I drank the best coffee in England.) I asked Mr. Hardy whether he had met many French writers.

'No,' said he, 'last year I met Romain Rolland. Once I just missed meeting Anatole France — a sudden sickness made it impossible.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'Do you know,' said I, 'that sometimes you and he are opposed one to the other, and that a good many French writers think they find in your work a franker feeling for humanity, a more generous pity, and, in a word, a keener sense of the tragedy of every day?'

Thomas Hardy bowed his head with an almost bashful air and said: —

'I leave others to say that.'

There was a silence, and then he went on: —

'Anatole France was a great artist. I have read his *Histoire comique*, which I do not find comic at all, by the way, but of a terrible irony. Have you anyone to replace him — have you any great men now? There is a terrible lack of them in England to-day; or if there are any, they have not revealed themselves.'

Our talk went on thus for a long time, and when I rose, ready to bid the master adieu, after he had signed some fine copies of his books for me, he came to the door of Max Gate, the little dwelling that he built himself some thirty-five years ago. The weather was extraordinarily pleasant. The sun — the first sun that I had seen in England — was gleaming in a sky that was almost blue. The wind that reached us was tempered by the little hill that separates Max Gate from the sea. A mile away lay the town of Dorchester, so often depicted under the name of Casterbridge in Hardy's novels, sleepily picturesque with its numerous old churches, its grammar school of 1610, its cemeteries of the Middle Ages. A lad who had no idea what time was showed us the way to the railroad station, where we arrived half an hour too early.

Already I was known. I was the Frenchman for whom the door of Max Gate had opened. The chauffeur must certainly have expressed his surprise. The porter who carried my valises inquired anxiously: —

'Why do you come so far to see Thomas Hardy?' I looked at the man in surprise.

'Haven't you read his books?' I asked.

'Yes,' said the porter, 'that's why I'm surprised. Nothing happens in them, not even a gun's shot off in them. They're dull.'

But I gave him his sixpence all the same.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LORD RAYLEIGH: THE MAN WHO WEIGHED THE ATMOSPHERE[1]

BY SIR OLIVER LODGE

[SIR OLIVER LODGE'S article is based on the new Life of Lord Rayleigh by his son, the fourth Baron Rayleigh.]

JOHN WILLIAM STRUTT, third Baron Rayleigh, was one of the greatest of English men of science. His magnitude was never fully understood by the general public, but it was appreciated by his confrères, who in due time elected him to the presidency of the Royal Society, the highest scientific office in the kingdom. He was a great mathematical physicist, and combined with a singular facility for mathematical reasoning an admirable experimental skill. His experiments were made with comparatively simple materials; the apparatus was usually home-made, constructed in his own workshop, but his profound knowledge of the conditions enabled him to concentrate on the essential features and to leave the unessentials and accessories in a simple and unshowy condition. He was very little dependent on instrument-makers. Very precise and instructive experiments were made with appliances specially adapted to their purpose and subsequently dismantled and used for other researches.

It is a common mistake to suppose that the great mathematicians were not experimentalists. That mistake is sometimes made about Sir Isaac Newton and Sir George Stokes. The power of their mathematical reasoning tends to overshadow their experimental skill. But the skill was there; the experiments were beautifully designed for their exact purpose, and the results were clearly and definitely described. So it was also with Lord Rayleigh; and he left behind six large volumes of his *Collected Papers* — a storehouse of information for subsequent workers. The characteristic of experimental work of this kind is its extreme accuracy and definiteness; there was very little groping about it. The problem was clearly understood, the difficulties were appreciated; and when unexpected phenomena occurred they were hunted down with clear-sighted skill and pertinacity.

Among the outstanding examples of this kind of accuracy was his determination of the electrical units which are now adopted by electrical engineers all over the world; and Rayleigh's results have been only confirmed and established by the measurements of subsequent workers. The absolute determination of the ohm and the ampere, to many significant figures, is by no means an easy task. The first determination of the ohm by Clerk Maxwell and Lord Kelvin was in error by nearly two per cent, a fact which shows how difficult the determination was. But when subsequently determined by Rayleigh this error was detected, its cause ascertained; and the resulting determination leaves nothing to be desired. The present extreme accuracy of electrical measurements can be traced mainly to his work, the accuracy of which has been fully con-

[1] From the *Empire Review* (London public-affairs monthly), *February*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

firmed by more elaborate apparatus in the National Physical Laboratory of England.

Again, in chemistry, his determination of the atomic weights of hydrogen and of nitrogen are models of precise weighing. The difficulties of weighing a gas to five or six places of decimals are very great, and only those who have been engaged in similar work can fully appreciate them. The result of his determination of the atomic weight of nitrogen had a dramatic sequel. He weighed nitrogen from various sources, and found that the nitrogen of the air was slightly heavier than that of chemically prepared nitrogen. So, gradually, he came to the conclusion that, while chemically prepared nitrogen was pure, the so-called nitrogen of the air was impure — that is to say, it contained an unknown and previously unsuspected gas. What had been called nitrogen of the air was really the inert constituent of the air, the residue after removing the oxygen, carbonic acid, and moisture, which formed the other known constituents; and by burning out from the inert part of the air all that was really nitrogen (by a tedious electrical process devised by the great experimental philosopher of the eighteenth century, Cavendish), a small quantity of heavier residue was obtained, which was evidently a new gas. At that stage he was joined by the highly skilled experimental chemist, Sir William Ramsay, and in their separate laboratories they worked out the properties of the new gas, which they ultimately called *argon*, because of its inert character. It is decidedly more inert than nitrogen, for nitrogen is well known to be able to enter into combination with many things, while argon combines with nothing: it is a self-sufficient compact molecule of the greatest chemical interest and importance. Its discovery paved the way to the discovery by Ramsay of a whole series of similar unknown bodies, which formed an entirely new series in the Mendelyeev classification; a series with zero properties, neither positive nor negative, such as formed a nucleus or starting-point for each Mendelyeev octave; the lowest and latest of the series being helion (as it ought now to be called), the others being neon, krypton, xenon, and niton or radium emanation. Hence the discovery of argon was more than the finding of a new element, it was the discovery of the first of a whole new group — more even than the finding of a new and unsuspected element in the atmosphere. No one had previously imagined that the air we breathed, which had been analyzed again and again, contained an unknown ingredient in quantities far from infinitesimal. A lecture hall, for instance, contains several hundredweight of argon, though the proportion of it in any cubic foot is very small.

But that a discovery of this magnitude should result from a laborious series of weighings of atmospheric nitrogen, extending over some years, is a dramatic circumstance, and illustrates the importance of carrying out measurements with extreme and laborious accuracy. It hardly seems possible that the discovery could have been made in any other way, since the gas has no chemical properties, and, at first, hardly appealed to chemists, because of its inert and apparently unchemical character. The discovery was in fact received with some scepticism, although really there was no shadow of doubt about it. And the gas is actually used now for filling the half-watt lamps which constitute an economical source of light, and are articles of commerce; while the subsequent and contingent discoveries of helion and neon have their own well-known uses — helion for filling with safety dirigible balloons,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and neon for use in luminous reddish vacuum tubes, such as are often employed for showy illumination and advertisement.

The discovery of argon is, therefore, a sort of climax and reward vouchsafed to skillful and accurate experimenting, and may be regarded as the coping-stone to Lord Rayleigh's work, the kind of result most easily apprehended by the public. But to scientific men the importance of Lord Rayleigh's work was far greater than this. He roamed over the whole field of physics, taking up obscure and but little understood phenomena; he worked them out and reduced them to intelligible form, and left the science of optics and of acoustics and of electricity in a much more advanced and perfect stage than they would be likely as yet to have attained had he not lived.

In the Life which has now been written by his son, the present peer, a quiet, restrained, but effective account of these researches is given. It was not possible to enter on an exposition of the more recondite lines of investigation, but such parts as could be made intelligible are dealt with in a clear and satisfactory manner. And though filial restraint prevents anything in the nature of overemphasis,— leads indeed to a certain amount of underemphasis, — a reader can hardly fail to allow for this, and to be impressed both with the magnitude and with the modesty of the great man whose life and work are being described.

And besides all this, a son has opportunities possessed by few for drawing a picture of the domestic life of his father and exhibiting in unobtrusive form, not only his scientific achievements, but the beauty and piety of his personal character.

One special feature that characterizes Lord Rayleigh's work is caution. He was very chary of expressing an opinion. He mistrusted his own results, until they were thoroughly confirmed; he hesitated to criticize adversely the work of others. He was appreciative of all good work, and the suggestions that he made to others often led to important developments, and stimulated them to investigations that otherwise they might have refrained from undertaking. Even so great an experimenter as Professor Michelson will admit that he received stimulus from Rayleigh's encouraging hints and suggestions.

The caution which characterized all his work, though it may in some respects have limited his output, prevented him from making any mistakes. A certain element of rashness when exploring the unknown seems permissible, or at any rate pardonable; but Rayleigh would not have pardoned it in himself; he was not rash, nor did he jump to conclusions. He formed hypotheses, doubtless, like other men, but he was not willing to publish them until he had verified them to the hilt. In that respect he was rather like Newton. All his work was highly finished, elaborated, and trustworthy.

The outward circumstances of his life are simple enough. He had a distinguished career at Cambridge, graduating as Senior Wrangler. He then worked for some years as an amateur, but was persuaded to occupy the Chair of Physics at Cambridge, — vacated by the lamentable and premature death of Clerk Maxwell at the age of forty-nine, — ultimately resigning it with enhanced lustre to Professor J. J. Thomson. He also took charge of the laboratory at the Royal Institution, which had been Faraday's and Tyndall's, and by holding these offices obtained facilities for experimental work on a larger scale than was possible in the amateur laboratory in which he worked with one skilled mechanic at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his home at Terling Place in Essex — a home well known to most of the distinguished physicists who visited England from other countries. Here also Lord Kelvin was a frequent visitor, and we younger men were sometimes privileged to hear momentous and often amusing discussions between Kelvin and Rayleigh — a conflict of enthusiasm on the one hand and caution on the other, which could not fail to be of absorbing and exciting interest to those whose previous studies enabled them to follow the arguments.

Lord Rayleigh's social position doubtless gave him some facilities in these directions. He had no need to earn a precarious livelihood by scientific work; nor had he occasion to take part in legal controversies and the uncertainties associated with Patent Law. Also he had the means of dispensing hospitality on an extensive scale. But on the other hand, there must have been some temptation — to which he did not succumb — to take up duties consistent with his position: work in the House of Lords, for instance, the Lord-Lieutenancy of his county, and other distractions, some of which he felt it owing to society to undertake. But he never allowed them to absorb his time unduly; he devoted himself to his scientific work to the end.

He was Scientific Adviser to the Brethren of Trinity House, and made excursions in their yacht to visit lighthouses and sirens and other signaling stations round the coast. This, though partly recreation, was also partly scientific work. His knowledge of acoustics enabled him to improve the sirens in several ways. By making the horn or trumpet elliptical in shape, with the long axis vertical, he was able to limit the waste of sound in a vertical direction, and to distribute it over a wide angle in a horizontal direction — a result the reverse of what would have been expected by people less informed than himself.

He took up the theory of sound as it was left by that giant of science, von Helmholtz, and elaborated it toward perfection. His two volumes on the *Theory of Sound* are by far the most complete in any language.

Among other activities he presided over the British Association at its meeting in Montreal in 1884, having been already President of Section A at Southampton. He took up the chairmanship of the newly formed National Physical Laboratory from its foundation, and to his advice and encouragement some of the conspicuous success of that institution must be due. His opinion was constantly sought, and after Lord Kelvin's death he was the recognized leader of physical science in Britain. Later he became Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.

All these things are touched upon in the volume under review. But had it been a stranger instead of a son who was the author they would have been exhibited in a more enthusiastic, though probably less effective, manner. The book is full of interest and stimulus, and will be welcomed by the rising generation of physicists.

In spite of his profound knowledge, Rayleigh was no specialist. He looked at life largely, and with a sense of humor. His caution did not prevent his entering on unpopular fields of work. He took a real interest in psychical research, for instance, and had himself observed many curious and inexplicable phenomena. One of the last positions that he held was the presidency of the Society for Psychical Research, at which he gave a memorable, though, as usual, cautious and humorous, address. He refrained from coming to definite conclusions, but neither his scientific nor his deep religious sense deterred him from realizing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that these things demanded investigation, and his instinct taught him that they would probably have far-reaching consequences when properly understood.

The subject, however, was at a stage which did not admit of the precision of the physical sciences, and therefore attracted less than his whole interest. Indeed, even in the physical sciences he was very doubtful about some of the most recent developments. I doubt if he altogether liked the theory of relativity, though he hardly lived to appreciate some of its remarkable confirmations. The quantum also must have seemed to him rather vague and unintelligible, and therefore unsatisfactory, or at any rate only an intermediate stage. And so these modern developments he left to younger men. He was a powerful wielder of the classical dynamics, and may perhaps be regarded as the last of the great generation of physicists of whom England and Cambridge have been so proud, and who were satisfied with the Newtonian outlook on the universe.

WHITE WOMEN IN THE AUSTRALIAN TROPICS[1]

BY FREDA STERNBERG

'CAN white women make homes and rear families in the tropical parts of Northern Australia?' 'They can, and they have,' is perhaps the best answer to this oft-repeated question. It can be backed by personal observation, by information gathered from women who have spent the best part of their lives in the Northern Territory, and by facts stated at a recent Medical Congress at Brisbane.

During the winter of 1924, when Stefansson, the famous Canadian Arctic explorer, decided to make an expedition into Central Australia and the Northern Territory, I, as the woman member of his party, was commissioned to write of what I saw from a woman's point of view. Before we left so-called civilization I was told repeatedly it was 'no trip for a woman.' Behind this was the old idea that it was 'impossible for the white woman to live in this part of the Commonwealth.' There was a general opinion, too, that most of my stories on return would be 'hard luck' ones, culled from women who had been forced by Fate to live far away from cities, amid what were supposed to be impossible climatic conditions.

Before we had been a day out on the journey we realized that most of the difficulties, adventures, and hardships existed only in the imaginations of the people who were content to live in cities and 'imagine the worst.' On we journeyed northward until we found ourselves almost a thousand miles north of Adelaide. This is not the place to expand on the scenic, geological, botanical features of that trip. It will suffice to say that every member of the expedition felt an immediate improvement in his general health after enjoying the air, which had some wonderful,

[1] From the *Spectator* (London Moderate-Conservative weekly), *February* 21

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exhilarating quality, the sunshine, and the freedom of the glorious outdoor bush life.

But what impressed all was the healthy, contented, happy appearance of the white women we met at the different stations on the way. Talking with everyone, it was impossible to get even a glimmer of a 'hard-luck story.' They were not posing as cheerful martyrs. They insisted one and all that they 'loved the life,' that it was 'better than city life,' that they found it 'healthy for both themselves and their children,' and that they 'did not mind the heat.' If one woman had told these stories it might have been possible to think of her as an interesting exception, but women who lived hundreds of miles away from each other all had the same point of view. As far north as Alice Springs, where the total white population numbers twenty-five, the women and their children all presented a healthy mental and physical appearance. Their homes were well kept and exceedingly comfortable. If they suffered from lack of domestic help they did not stress the fact in the way of city women. They had gardens which they tended with great interest and in which were to be found flowers and vegetables. What was particularly significant and interesting was the fact that, although they were living at a spot where the mail and merchandise came only on camels once a month, they were smartly dressed and interested in all things pertaining to fashion — a something that does not go with the woman who lives in unhealthy and uncongenial surroundings.

All these women lived in tin-roofed houses which lacked modern conveniences of any kind, and which must have been unbearably hot in summer time; but it did not seem to occur to them that stone ones would have been better. One woman who had lived for a long time in Sydney told me she did not find the heat of the Northern Territory any more trying than that of the capital of New South Wales.

One day I did manage to extract some information about a dust storm which had raged for four days, and which was so severe that 'you could not see your hand before you.' The woman who told of it confessed that 'when it came to getting the house clean again' she had to use a shovel instead of a broom. But she regarded even that philosophically, saying, 'But you have the fogs in London,' suggesting that the perfect climate did not exist.

In one Far North locality we came across a family of white people who had lived for the last twenty years in the same spot, and who insisted that they 'did not want to live anywhere else.' There were three children in that family, — two girls and a boy, — all fair-haired, with pink-and-white cheeks like English children. The baby was nine months old and had been born at the homestead without medical assistance — the nearest hospital was more than nine hundred miles away. But nobody seemed to regard that as an exceptional occurrence. The woman was healthy and child-bearing was natural. That was all there was to it!

Of course it would be absurd to regard these women, who have the true pioneer spirit that has helped to build up the outposts of the Empire, in the same way that one would regard the city-bred woman, who lacks initiative, who is unwilling to face hardships such as are found in any out-back world, no matter what the climate may be. But they are a living proof that life in the tropical portion of Northern Australia is possible for women and children, and is even a happy, health-giving life.

Then to come to the story of the woman who has lived for a long period in the Northern Territory. Quite re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cently the English wife of an Australian settler at Darwin wrote to a Southern paper, in reply to a published statement that said 'the climate of the Northern Territory prohibits the white family life as we know it.'

She stated that with her husband she had been living in the Territory for more than sixteen years. Five of their six children had been born there, and according to the mother 'healthier children could not be found.' After giving details of her domestic life, — a busy one carried on without much assistance, — she continued: 'I have proved from practical experience that a sensible white woman's life can be lived in the Territory.' She told stories of a white woman who had lived forty-eight years in the Territory without having a trip away. That woman had reared her children, and had lived to see her grandchildren and great-grandchildren. In a calm, practical strain the Englishwoman reiterated: 'The Territory is a white man's country. I would not live South again after the free, open-air, healthy life I know here.'

The Report of the Medical Conference at Brisbane contains such statements as: 'There is no evidence indicating that tropical Northern Australia is in any way unsuited for the development of a virile white race.' And: 'After mature consideration of sources of information embodying the results of long and varied professional experience and observation in the Australian tropics, the Congress is unable to find anything pointing to the existence of inherent or insuperable obstacles in the way of the permanent occupation of tropical Australia by a healthy, indigenous white race.'

AN IMPRESSIONIST IN SPAIN[1]

BY VICTOR AUBURTIN

[DR. AUBURTIN is a dramatic critic, and is the author of several volumes of clever essays and travel sketches.]

I. MADRID

I NOTE one remarkable and rather disturbing effect of this city upon myself: I am beginning to lose my manly rudeness. Just before I left Berlin I observed the following typical incident in Friedrichstrasse. Two gentlemen coming from opposite directions accidently bumped into each other. One turned around and said 'Ox!'; the other likewise turned around and said 'Ox!' Then both calmly went their respective ways. Something of that sort runs in our German blood, and I feel it in mine.

The first time a running newsboy bumped me in the belt on Alcala Street in Madrid I naturally grunted 'Ox!' But the newsboy only giggled, and I felt the shot was wasted. In fact I grow so softly good-humored here that I feel serious concern about it. But I hope that when I return to Germany I shall recover my stern Teutonic surliness.

It is now the beginning of January. For a month a sky of cloudless, radiant blue has hung over this noisy, singing city. I have not yet had occasion to wear my winter overcoat, and I leave

[1] From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *January 17, 24*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even my light overcoat at home in the middle of the day. As I write this at my open window, bees fly in and out, attracted by the little, sweet Alicante oranges lying on my table. Neither is there any evidence of winter in the parkway along the Prado, for the eucalyptus trees retain their green foliage and look like birches.

Another illustration of the Madrid temperament. I am occupying part of a mirador opening directly on to the flat roof, which serves as a promenade. The three telephone-girls employed in the hotel have the room next to mine. Two of them are always there, while the third is on duty below. Now, I am accustomed at home to think of telephone-girls as young women of somewhat sharp and irritable dispositions with whom it is not well to exchange unnecessary words. But these Madrid señoritas of the telephone laugh and sing all day long. They sing Andalusian *coplas*, with trilling half-cadences that produce a strange, mysterious, old-time effect. They dress like Seville girls, with mantillas, high combs, and fans, and walk past my window. If I pay them a compliment they shriek with laughter at my wonderful Spanish. The third, who is on duty below, is equally agreeable and engaging. She spends her time peeking in her mirror, arranging her hair, and powdering her nose. Of course, in Madrid one never telephones. If a man tries to telephone he must wait until something has been repaired, which always takes six or eight hours.

But who wishes to telephone in this country? No Madrid gentleman condescends to use such a contrivance. Indeed, it is not quite the thing to send a personal message even by mail. If a gentleman wishes to communicate with a friend, he writes a note and sends it by a messenger, whose uniform is completely covered with brass buttons and who is called 'Buttons' for that obvious reason. This lad delivers your letter to its destination in the manner that a gentleman's communication should be carried. All local letters that I receive come without a postage stamp.

The air is so clear and sparkling that I begin to find even Madrid's new architecture endurable. One must bear in mind that this city lies nearly 2500 feet above sea level, and only a few hours ago the wind that rustles my curtains was over the Atlantic. When I first arrived I hastily resolved to write an article upon modern architecture in Madrid that would begin more or less in this way:—

'Madrid must have been only a short time ago a fine, rococo city, a little like Karlsruhe, but with a suggestion of Goya and a lingering blood-scent. They still call her *La Corte* (the Court), and when the newspapers announce that the King has come back from a trip they always say, "Don Alfonso returned today to this Court."

'Naturally it was necessary to cut new streets and to build higher houses; but some consideration might have been given to the fact that Madrid is the most aristocratic city in the world, not to be rebuilt like a boom town in California. As it is, however, behold yonder a bank building surmounted by two fortress-towers, on each of which is poised a bronze-and-gilt giant in a coursing four-horse chariot. Each giant wears a spike helmet — and nothing else. The people say that they represent the two bank-directors. But how long is it since bank-directors have taken up the habit of driving to office in four-horse chariots with only a German helmet to cover their manly forms?

'Yonder stands a building with a dome, and on top of the dome is poised an eagle, and on the eagle lies a bronze goddess, Fortuna, conspicuous for an equal absence of attire. This is not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Madrid, it is "Dream City," or Luna Park. . . .'

That is the way I intended to begin my article. But alas! since I have been here a time I have taken a fancy to the naked bank-directors because they glitter so resplendently in this glorious sunshine, and the naked goddess fairly showers her radiance over the whole city.

Madrid newspapers print practically nothing but jokes, and are scarcely worth reading. All the important news reaches us by way of Tetuan — Tangier — London — Paris — Madrid. This news is always very interesting, but it is not true.

But on December 22 the whole population showed unmistakable evidence of deep, unsuppressed excitement. People gathered in groups, and shouted and gesticulated. Deeply disturbed, I hastened to consult a Spanish acquaintance who is thoroughly informed on political matters. He was not at home, but had mysteriously vanished. Something was evidently in the air.

At eight o'clock that evening papers appeared — *La Voz*, *El Heraldo* — with immense headlines. The public fairly tore the sheets out of the hands of the newsboys. I closed my eyes with anxiety and could scarcely master my emotions sufficiently to scan the critical dispatches. A revolution must have broken out, and I had not had an inkling of it!

What the papers really had to report was the drawing of the Christmas lottery. These great metropolitan journals devoted three pages to the biographies of the winners of the first prize, of the second prize, of the third prize, and so on down to the tenth prize. All of these biographies were accompanied by portraits. The ticket-seller who had sold the winning ticket for the first prize had his picture in the paper, first alone and then surrounded by his family. Naturally there was also a picture of the office in which the winning ticket had been sold, both before and after it was wrecked — for as soon as the announcement was made the windows had been broken in by a rush of reporters and cinema-operators.

Nor should I omit the long story of the unfortunate old lady who only the day before the drawing had given away her ticket to a share of the eighth prize. This moving story filled a column and a half — while around Tetuan Spanish troops were fighting and dying without a word to commemorate the fact.

I planned to go last night to the Ideal Room, where there was to be a masked ball. I knew it would begin rather late, for people do not go to such affairs until after the theatre. When I arrived at half-past one no evidence of a masked ball was visible. 'Is it all over?' I asked. 'By no means,' answered the porter; 'the gentleman has come a little too early,' — and he pointed to an announcement reading 'The Masked Ball begins about 3 A.M.'

'So,' a German manufacturer at Madrid said to me, 'you are going to Barcelona. I congratulate you. I 'd like to get out of this town. It is no place for anybody but castanet dancers and newspaper writers. I beg pardon, don't misunderstand me — I mean people who have nothing worth while to do. In Barcelona you will find hard workers — real business men, who understand what 's what and have some aim in life. When are you leaving?'

'Oh, I don't know,' I answered. 'I'm not in such a great hurry.'

II. TOLEDO

People living in Madrid make week-end excursions to Toledo. It is a two hours' trip on the railway and a five centuries' trip through history. Madrid, with its cravat shops, has as its

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

neighbor a city of the Goths — stern, immersed in the past, peopled by dead kings, and wrapped in the mouldering shroud of its ancient memories.

The route thither lies through Castile. Madrid, having no factories and no garden suburbs, ends abruptly at the railway station, and the gray, stony, desolate — but none the less fascinating — plateau begins. We are in the heart of the land of chivalry.

Our train passes a fat man mounted on a mule, and the well-read passenger thinks of Sancho Panza. Don Quixote is not visible, but he must be in the neighborhood. He still rides through Spanish history to-day, unworldly, ignorant of his route, but always wearing gloves, and knightly even in his misadventures.

Low mountains emerge in the distance, sharply defined as only the treeless mountains of the South can be. Each summit has its particular legend and its point of interest. On yonder sharp peak the Archangel Gabriel once stood, and a hermit lives there to-day. Yonder is Pinto Castle, where the Eboli were imprisoned. On the trip from Berlin to Potsdam a passenger travels between factory buildings busy producing useful things. No useful things are made in Pinto Castle, but it looks a likely place for owls. And there are people who prefer owls to useful things.

The first time I was in the Cathedral at Toledo a great rug was lying on the floor with a number of church attendants standing around it. Suddenly one side of the rug began to rise, and I discovered it was not really a rug, but a flag about to be raised to the vaulted roof above. I wondered what Church festival was approaching for which the Cathedral was being decorated. A priest who stood near me with his prayer book divined my unspoken question, smiled, and said, '*Lepanto.*' Next day was the anniversary of the great battle with the Turks.

The flag was now suspended high above me, with its half-obliterated emblems: the towers of Castile and the eagle of the old German Empire. It was a German who won this great naval fight, a natural son of Emperor Charles V, born at Regensburg, in a house where the fact is still commemorated by a long inscription.

A choir-boy approached me in the obscurity of the Cathedral — a little lad about eight years old, scarcely as high as my waist, but clothed like an archbishop in a long white cloak with a red collar falling over his shoulders. He asked me if My Excellency wished to see the tombs of the fratricidal kings.

We entered a side chapel where those precious monarchs lie carved in stone, sleeping against the wall. The child led me to the tomb of King Henry and related his horrible history to me in a whisper so low that I had to bend over him to catch the words. There were two brothers, Don Pedro and Don Enrique, who were enemies and pursued each other through the whole realm. At length they met in the hall of a castle after they were both old and gray. Immediately they sprang at each other's throats and rolled upon the floor; and Don Enrique, striking his brother Don Pedro in the face with his steel gauntlet, killed him then and there. It was so dark that I could scarcely make out the outlines of the image on King Henry's tomb. Approaching as close as possible, I saw dimly the features of a man with a thin beard and a flabby, ill-natured countenance.

At that moment the great organ in the choir began to play. I feed the little archbishop and hasten thither. Spanish organs have different tones from ours — shrill, wailing notes that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rend the heart and that we would not tolerate in our church service. Often one seems to hear a human voice, now close to the ear and now in the distance, as of a being calling from the fourth dimension. Some of the organ pipes project horizontally, like the trumpets of angels on the Day of Judgment. And apparently they are so placed with design, in order to impress upon the worshipers the coming great day of reckoning, when all who gather and all whose tombs lie under its high roof shall answer for their sins. Surely there will be great doings on Judgment Day, if all the gentlemen whose mortal remains lie buried here rise at the same time. The knights have taken their swords with them to their graves; the kings wear their contested crowns upon their heads. Let us hope they will not immediately resume their quarrels.

I made five trips to Toledo, but I never visited the Casa del Greco. And yet that is regarded just at present as the principal object of interest in the city. Really cultivated people who come to Toledo stop only long enough to see the Casa del Greco, and then continue their journey on the railway train.

That building is the only modern and the only imitation thing in this fabulously genuine city. It is built on the edge of a chasm 'in the late-sixteenth-century style,' as Baedeker says, and has been given an artificial appearance of antiquity. Though I was never inside its walls, I can imagine just how the two hundred portraits painted by Greco that hang there look. Additions are constantly made to them, because new Grecos are being discovered, each as like the others as so many peas.

It is always thus in the history of art. People keep discovering new pictures by artists who happen to be in vogue. When I was a young man a new Raphael — generally ferreted out in some Florentine palace — was discovered every week. Later all the world became Pre-Raphaelite and the discoverers found only Botticellis. Now not a day passes without a new Greco portrait.

And how fresh and new they invariably look. Surely someone was careless when they were delivered, for the colors seem almost damp.

III. BARCELONA

West of Barcelona rises a little mountain called Tibidabo, which is perhaps the most remarkable observation-point on the entire globe. For it is the mountain up which the Tempter is said to have led the Saviour in order to show Him the kingdoms of the earth in all their glory. '*Tibi dabo*,' he said — 'I will give them to you.'

And one must confess that Satan, who is not generally credited with much good taste, did pick out an exceptionally tempting outlook. Below lay the rich fields of Catalona and the great harbor with its busy shipping and bursting warehouses; in the distance shimmered under silvery mists the lands of the Crown of Aragon; yonder, where the eye catches a glint of white in the far horizon, was France. The Pyrenees loomed on one side, showing the long, reclining contours of Mount Santigou, like the back of a sleeping goddess. On the other side the silvery surface of the Mediterranean rose perpendicularly to the elevated vision like a wall. And over it dozed the sleepy stillness of a sunny noontide, broken occasionally by a cock-crow from the village beneath.

I am free to confess that if the Tempter ever addressed himself to me — but it will probably be some time before he does so.

Yet the most remarkable thing that a person sees from Tibidabo is another mountain that rises out of the neigh-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

boring plain only a short distance away and yet is separated from the modern spectator by many generations. It is called Montserrat. But we romanticists name it differently, for it is our Monsalvat, the mountain of the Holy Grail. Here it was that Amfortas mourned, that the Cup glowed with miraculous radiance, and that all the things happened that must have been so mysterious and beautiful before they were ruined by opera tenors.

Mountain of longing and of piteous questioning! To-day a cogwheel railway runs to its summit, where there is a hotel that accommodates the modern knights of Britain — rooms ten pesetas, breakfast not included.

Naturally all these stories of the Holy Grail and the like are not true. They are the inventions of uncultured people who stood on a lower plane of evolution than ourselves, and had never read Haeckel's *World Riddle*. Everyone has heard about the darkness of the Middle Ages. So when I say 'Here Amfortas mourned,' I am merely saying it in quotes. I personally do not believe a word of it.

People come to Barcelona, which is the principal textile-manufacturing centre of Spain, and write about the Holy Grail! Everybody told me before I arrived, 'You'll not find anything of artistic interest in Barcelona; it is a purely commercial city.' And yet I have discovered here one of the finest museums of mediæval art anywhere in the world. It was opened only a few months ago and it is not described in any guidebook. They have taken all the ancient wall-paintings out of a little ruined church in the Spanish mountains and placed them in this museum. There are whole halls full of these great pictures, kept in semiobscurity, so that they may not be injured by too strong sunlight and may be seen in a suitable atmosphere of sacramental dimness — some early artist's conception of the Apocalypse: the Lamb upon the Throne, the Apostle opening the Book of the Seven Seals; stalwart kings with great, terrified eyes; pessimistic prophets. No man should presume to talk about this period of art who has not been here.

Then there are pictures upon wood dating from a later period — hundreds of important masterpieces suddenly brought to light to upset the equilibrium of our art history. All these works were hitherto unknown. Our records ended with Giotto and Masaccio. Men chatter about the Renaissance, but what was there to be reborn when such works as these were painted in the darkness of the Middle Ages? There must have been movements and schools back in those days, — secession, futurism, Anton von Werners, and Kokoschkas, — and we know nothing of them.

It must be admitted that these old Spanish masterpieces portray, to our modern eyes, somewhat strange and terrifying subjects. Most of them represent scenes of martyrdom. People are beheaded and dismembered *ad libitum*. Saint Eulalia seems to have been a particularly favorite theme. She is bound naked to an X-shaped cross and clubbed to death. In another picture men with a sharp wire currycomb are scraping the skin off an elderly gentleman. And all these scenes are painted with the sure, stern brush of masters.

In this museum I felt as nowhere else how undecipherable the spirit of the Spanish nation still remains for us.

Who was the Titan who built the Church of Santa Maria del Mar in Barcelona? Some obscure monk. This monk, away back in the middle of the Gothic period, said to himself: 'I will incorporate the very spirit of our architectural age in something clear and definite.' And he set about piling stone upon stone in the purest outline, with-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out a particle of disguising decoration, rearing his structure heaven-high and slender as a cobweb. The slightest earthquake-shock must, it would seem, tumble it into ruins. One gazes with mingled anxiety and delight at the wonderful interplay of arches, at the daring spring of these leaping stones. And who was their designer? No one knows. Yet, thank Heaven, we have a complete record of Raphael's love affairs and Rembrandt's bar bills! A strange country!

A person traveling through the wastes of Aragon might easily imagine himself upon the moon. He suddenly becomes aware of clusters of tiny walled-up hemispheres. They are the chimneys of a subterranean village. Below the people live in burrows like field mice — but the burrows are lighted by electricity.

In the Cathedral at Barcelona a colossal nutcracker hangs suspended from a great arch. The man who hung up this nutcracker in that holy place doubtless had some purpose in his mind. The Spanish people must see some meaning in it. But it is all a mystery to us. In the cloister court of this Cathedral there is a magnificent masonry reservoir where six geese are swimming. They are official geese, and are supported by the Cathedral funds. I asked the guide, 'What are these geese doing here?' He stared at me with astonishment. 'Don't you know,' he answered, 'that the goose is the only animal that never sleeps?'

Barcelona is full of life — not the loitering life of Madrid idlers, but the busy, energetic life of a great industrial and commercial centre. I have visited handsome, almost too ostentatiously wealthy, residential suburbs lying, as all such quarters do, to the west of the city; and I have taken long walks to the north and the south through crowded workingmen's quarters where the poor line up at midday before the army barracks to get a serving of such rice soup as may be left over after the soldiers are fed. Wealth and poverty, the two typical features of every modern industrial metropolis, are equally present here.

Barcelona claims to be the largest port and the largest city on the Mediterranean, with more than a million inhabitants. It is hard to say how accurate the last figure is. The official enumeration reports only 750,000, but the census is controlled by envious Madrid, and the people of Barcelona insist, with some plausibility, that their city's population is arbitrarily under-reported in order to coddle the pride of the Capital.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE EXPLOITS OF PUKITSULIK[1]

A GREENLAND FOLK-STORY

BY KNUD RASMUSSEN

[DOCTOR RASMUSSEN took down this old Greenland story from the lips of a Greenland story-teller. It dates from the time of the early explorers, when white visitors were rarer than they are now and when no white men lived among the Eskimos.]

ONCE upon a time there was a great hunter named Pukitsulik whom the people called 'the Dutchman' because he had won great riches from the white men. One day while he was paddling north along the coast in his kayak, he came to a point of land where new snow had fallen, and there he saw a great many fox-tracks. 'Can't I catch some of them in my trap?' he thought to himself, and going on shore he built a trap out of big stones. Several days later he paddled over again to see what had happened at his traps.

Aha, the door had fallen! He peered through a chink and saw two bright eyes staring at him. He went round to the other end and looked in there. What should he see but another fox looking at him with big eyes. The Dutchman slapped his sides and ran down to his kayak to get his long lance and kill the animals. Then he carefully took out a stone and drove his lance straight into the fox's heart. Then he put the stone back and went round to the other side, to kill the other fox. But what was this? There was no fox there! How foolish he had been! Of course there was only one fox in the trap, but that fox had turned around and made Pukitsulik think he was two. So he took the one magnificent blue fox out of the trap, held him up by the tail and admired him. Then he paddled home with his catch. Pukitsulik had no wife, and so his mother prepared the skin. 'In the country farther north big ships come in every summer,' his mother told him, 'and the white men are very eager to get blue-fox skins.'

'Hm,' said the Dutchman indifferently, but he remembered what she said all the same, because for a long time it had been his chief desire to own a gun like the white men had. It was winter then, but the spring was coming, and when the time for the long hunts came round the Dutchman built himself a boat.

Now in the same village there lived a great hunter who was a giant and who had a very beautiful daughter. Pukitsulik, whom they called the Dutchman, had already cast his eyes upon her, but he had never asked for her because he knew that her father would not give her up, and he knew, too, that the daughter did not want to be married. Many of the best hunters had come from far and near to marry her, but when she heard their proposals the maiden took them by the shoulders and threw them out of the hut. But at last it was summer and his boat was ready. One day he took his blue-fox skin,

[1] From the *Neue Freie Presse, February 22*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stroked the smooth hair with his hand, and said: —

'Was that true, mother, what you told me about the white men and their ships?'

He spoke very slowly because, while he had been building his boat, he had been thinking of nothing else. His mother assured him that many a man had gained wealth from the white men, and that very evening Pukitsulik prepared for the journey. Next morning he was up earlier than anybody else, and went walking up and down between the huts as if he were struggling with his thoughts. The hunters woke up and went over to hunt, and when the giant had gone away too Pukitsulik pulled his boat down into the water and told his mother to take the paddle. But when he took out another paddle, the mother asked: —

'What is that for? You have only me to paddle!' [Among the Greenland Eskimos all paddling is done by women.]

The son made no reply, but went back once more. When his mother saw him going into the house of the big man, she knew what he had in mind, and her whole body began to tremble. Out he came again, carrying the daughter of the strong man like a bundle. The girl screamed fearfully, but Pukitsulik threw her down all the same into the bottom of the boat, jumped in, and told his mother to paddle, while the daughter of the strong man lay in the bottom and shrieked. But when they were out in the open sea, Pukitsulik said to her: —

'Now paddle! You will soon be home again!' and then she dried her tears and went to work. After a whole day they came to a village, where they stopped to rest. When the people came down to the shore, Pukitsulik took care of the women and found them shelter. They stayed there sleeping till the next morning, but the mother, who was convinced that the strong man would follow them, could not close her eyes, and kept going out to look across the sea, and finally she came in, crying: —

'The big man is in sight!'

Her son seemed quite indifferent, and never budged from the spot. Only when his mother came and said that the strong man was ready to land did he get up and put on the little sausage-skin jacket which he had worn as a child. Down below on the shore he went, walking back and forth with his back to the sea, and when the strong man saw him he threw his harpoon with might and main between Pukitsulik's shoulder blades. The harpoon struck, bounced back, and broke into a thousand pieces. Then the strong man seized his heavy lance which never failed and struck Pukitsulik in the back with all his might. But even his lance fell to earth, useless and shattered. Then the strong man turned around and paddled off home without coming on shore at all. But the spectators, who had come running up, saw, to their amazement, that these terrible blows had not left the least trace on the sausage-skin jacket. Pukitsulik pulled his boat down into the water again and got ready to depart. But when he laid out a third paddle and selected the biggest and prettiest girl in the village, not a soul in the place dared complain. 'She will soon be coming back,' was all he said, and then they started off.

They traveled for three days, and every day he got a new girl to paddle. Finally they reached the coast where the white men used to come with their ships. It was evening when they landed, and a good many men came down to the shore to receive them. Pukitsulik had hardly arrived when the boat was pulled up on the shore. He had hardly time to look around when a tent was put up for him and many people in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vited them to feast with them. But he was silent, because he kept thinking of the great event that was in prospect — his meeting with white men. Finally, late in the evening, there was a shout from everyone. All the people came rushing out of their houses, and Pukitsulik did not know what it meant, but finally amid the confusion he heard one word: 'A ship!' When he recovered from his surprise he was sitting all alone on the cliff and looking at a big ship which lay at anchor right in front of his tent. By this time it was night, and everyone had gone to sleep. Early the next morning he went to his mother and made her give him the blue-fox skin and their best sealskins, and when the sun was high in the heavens he decided it was time to visit the ship, and paddled out. But after his kayak was close under the stern he had to wait a long time before a man appeared. Finally a sailor put his head over the railing, and Pukitsulik showed him the beautiful sealskin. An expression of greed came into the eyes of the sailor and he snatched at the skin. Now more and more sailors came on deck, whispering to one another, because they were afraid that the captain would hear them. Some time passed, and finally Pukitsulik pulled out his blue fox in order to close the bargain. He held it before the eyes of the sailors, and they stretched down across the rail. But suddenly the captain appeared. Before anyone noticed him, he scattered the sailors with mighty blows on the back and took the skin away from them. Then Pukitsulik called out that he wanted to come on board, and the sailors, letting down a rope, hoisted him up, kayak and all. But scarcely was he on the deck when he was lost with wonder at all the beautiful buckets that hung along the stern of the ship and between the masts, for he had never seen their like before.

Everything seemed to sway before his eyes, and he came to himself only when he heard a bellow at his ear. The captain had grown impatient, took him by the shoulder, and led him down to his cabin to drive a bargain, but Pukitsulik was still struck with wonder at all the amazing things he saw. His eye fell on a little door leading into another room, but when he tried to walk through it he ran into another man who kept getting into his way, and when he looked at this man he began to tremble all over. It was himself. He did not understand how he could be in two rooms at the same time. Then he noticed hanging on the wall a thing which moved back and forth, ticking. It was a clock. Again Pukitsulik was lost in deep amazement. All this time the captain had been trying in vain to drive a bargain for the fox skin. He had talked and gesticulated, but Pukitsulik was so amazed at all the strange things that he neither heard nor saw what was happening. Finally the captain lost his patience and ordered his sailors to come in. Before Pukitsulik knew what was happening he felt himself lifted by many arms and carried on, but he was so lost in wonder that he found it quite pleasant. 'That 's the way my mother carried me when I was little,' he thought. The sailors set him in the middle of the deck, tied a rope around his body, and began to hoist him up into the air. What was this?

When Pukitsulik found that they were trying to hoist him up the deck he made himself heavy, but in the end the sailors hauled him up till he swung from the yard. The captain brought an armful of guns from his cabin and divided them among his sailors. They were loaded, and he ordered them to stand in a row and shoot at Pukitsulik. The younger sailors began to shoot, but all their bullets were no use against the sausage-skin jacket that Pukitsulik

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wore. There he hung up above on the yard and laughed. Finally they got two old sailors to shoot. They seemed somewhat disturbed, because they had never in all their lives had any firearms in their hands. One old sailor came forward seriously with his gun, but when he was ready to shoot he was frightened and he turned his head away. His gun, which was full of rust because it had not been shot much, hit him such a blow as it went off that he fell over backward and lay on the ground. Pukitsulik smiled with delight. Then it was the turn of the other old man. But he had often been told that when you shoot a gun the fire might jump into your eyes, and so he held it so far away from him that the shot blew all over the ship and almost hit the captain. Now the captain saw that all this was worse for him and his sailors than for the Eskimo who hung up above and only laughed. So he let Pukitsulik down again.

Now he was more friendly, and he asked Pukitsulik what he would take for his skins. Pukitsulik pointed to the guns. The captain had them all brought out for him to choose the very best. There was no end now to the friendliness of the white men, for they thought he must be a sorcerer. They brought him gifts and he piled them all in his kayak. Then he crawled in himself, pulled on his hunting-skin, turned around, and had the sailors lower him into the water. When they cut him loose there was a splash in the water, and everybody thought he would sink. His kayak was so heavily loaded that only his nose appeared above the water. He moved so slowly that nobody on shore noticed him except his mother. 'Look, there comes Pukitsulik!' she cried, though all one could see was a little ripple in the water.

At last he reached the land and his mother pulled him out on shore. The very next day he went home, and on the way back he returned all the young women whom he had borrowed on the way. When he got near his own village he heard that the strong man had fallen sick with grief at losing his daughter, and when they reached him he was dead.

But Pukitsulik lived many years in peace and contentment with the daughter of the strong man.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

PADEREWSKI IN ENGLAND

PADEREWSKI's English engagement has brought him his accustomed triumphs, and his concert in aid of the British Legion appeal fund won him plaudits both as man and artist from the whole London press. He had previously given two charity recitals at Cardiff and Liverpool, and these were followed a day or two after his London appearance by others at Manchester and Glasgow. In spite of King George's illness, the Queen attended the London recital, during the course of which she called Mr. Paderewski to her box and talked with him for some minutes. The critic of *Westminister Gazette* says that 'the great pianist proved himself once again, even when the most curmudgeonly criticism has said its worst, a consummate master of his art.'

Mr. Ernest Newman of the *Sunday Times*, but recently returned from his engagement as 'guest critic' in New York, praises him for the brilliancy with which he overcame the execrable acoustics of Albert Hall. 'On the ground of his virtuosity alone, Mr. Paderewski would be justly esteemed incomparable,' says Mr. Newman.

> But not only can he beat the virtuosi at their own glittering game of legerdemain. There is no other living pianist who can reveal so acute a sensibility to the poetic content of music of the classical and romantic schools.

A Manchester critic who heard the London recital telegraphed to the *Guardian:* —

> That a great Polish musician, who is no less great a patriot, should excel in playing Chopin is not surprising, but Paderewski's amazingly complete interpretation of his countryman's work — it amounts almost to a reincarnation of his personality — remains one of the most touching experiences in the concert-room.

Mr. Percy Scholes, writing in the *Observer*, was probably the least enthusiastic of the critics. He suggests that a series of Paderewski recitals offers some curious studies in crowd-psychology. He questions — as many thoughtful listeners in concert-halls must question — 'whether the applause of the crowd represents the taste of the individuals who make up the crowd,' and thinks that at a good many recitals the listeners actually applaud themselves into enthusiasm, and complains that at Paderewski's Albert Hall recital neither the best music nor the best-played music got applause.

❦

A BOUQUET FOR THE AMATEUR SCIENTIST

SIR OLIVER LODGE, who after all is a physicist of immense distinction as well as a student of spooks, comes forward as a champion of the amateur in scientific research. His point is not that the amateur is a better scientific worker than his professional colleague, but merely that he can and often does do good work, and that he possesses the valor of ignorance which sometimes leads to discoveries like the airplane. These utterances are called forth by a proposal to place amateur wireless research under the control of a government department. Sir Oliver, however, having a very wholesome distrust of government departments, points out that, though some regulation may be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

necessary, it should be reduced to an absolute minimum.

As the Scientific Correspondent of the *Times* points out, the amateurs have a good many scientific discoveries to their credit, the reason being that 'they rush in where angels fear to tread.' An example of this profitable 'rushing in' is the work of the Wright brothers in open defiance of everything then known of aerodynamics. Moreover the practical flying men, — the aces and pilots, — who are usually quite innocent of science, have discovered aerial manœuvres which a theoretical student would have declared impossible.

Even in zoölogy the extraordinarily far-reaching Mendelian theory of heredity is the work of a Catholic priest who was indubitably an amateur even though his name will live forever in the history of biology. This does not mean, of course, that all the doctors of science must be instantly expelled from their laboratories and their experiments put in charge of the charwoman. What the amateur finds is usually developed and carried on by the professional worker who also has a number of discoveries of his own to his credit. None the less, the amateur must be treated with a little more respect than he has ordinarily received.

✠

THE LEOPARD-MEN

THE extraordinary missionary, priest, and physician, Albert Schweitzer, whose talents range from critical theology through medicine to music, has just published a new book of his African experiences under the title *News from Lambarene*. Schweitzer is, without doubt, one of the most interesting figures of our century, and certainly one of the figures which does the century most credit. Revolutionary theologian, authority on Bach, concert organist, missionary, and doctor of medicine, — a Jack-of-all-trades who is master of most of them, — he long ago turned his back on the brilliant career that Europe offered him, and at the age of fifty buried himself in the African jungle to devote his life to helping the Negroes.

The *Prager Tagblatt* publishes a few paragraphs from the new book in which Schweitzer describes the African equivalent of what in European folklore, a few centuries ago, would have been known as werewolves.

'Our talk turned on the society of leopard-men, whose uncanny activities have developed greatly in the last few years. They spread over the whole West Coast of Africa. The Duala missionaries told me of districts which were so terrorized by leopard-men that no one ventured out of his hut after dusk. Two years ago a leopard-man committed a murder in the Lambarene mission station itself.

'Leopard-men have the obsession that they are real leopards and as such must kill other men. In their killings they act like leopards. They go on all fours and tie real leopard-claws or iron imitations to their hands and feet in order to leave tracks like the leopard's, and they tear open the arteries of the throat, as a leopard does. The remarkable and uncanny thing is that most leopard-men do this quite involuntarily. They are made members of the society of leopard-men without knowing it. A magic potion made from the blood of a murdered man is mixed in a human skull. The individual elected to membership has some of this secretly mixed with his ordinary drink. When it is too late, it is explained to him that he belongs henceforward to the brotherhood. No man can withstand this revelation. The belief that the magic drink has magic power which no man can evade dominates them all. In-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

voluntarily they obey. They are usually compelled to lure a brother or a sister somewhere where leopard-men can attack and slay them. After this they must themselves kill.

'An official in the interior of the Ogowe territory, who received orders this month to suppress the leopard-men, caught ninety of them, but none betrayed his fellows. Instead, they poisoned each other in prison.'

♣

CARICATURING A PREMIER

A FRANCO-BELGIAN diplomatic broil, which no one seems to take seriously except one French Ambassador, has given Paris something to laugh over if it has done nothing better. A few weeks ago a Brussels hostess entertained her guests with a witty little drawing-room revue acted by talented amateurs. One of the most successful tableaux reproduced David's well-known picture of Madame Recamier seated on a chaise longue. Now, as everybody in Brussels knew, Premier Herriot is a learned doctor of the Sorbonne who wrote a doctor's thesis on Madame Recamier which has just reappeared in a new edition. As everybody also knew, the unfortunate Prime Minister has been having an attack of gout.

Consequently this clever but somewhat tactless hostess introduced into the tableau the figure of the burly French Premier with one leg swathed in bandages and the inevitable pipe emitting clouds of smoke.

M. Maurice Herbette, the French ambassador, who chanced to be present, insisted on taking the matter seriously and left the salon indignantly declaring that he would report the incident to his Government. At our last information France and Belgium have not yet gone to war.

MAKING MONEY FLY

So safe, convenient, and customary has travel by air become in Europe that the banks are now using airplanes for long-distance transfers of their gold. Four airplanes recently flew from London to Paris with a cargo of 2600 kilograms of gold, worth more than thirty million francs, which is being transferred from London to Switzerland. This is almost certainly the most valuable cargo ever carried by air. The banks, however, consider air transport safer than ordinary carriage by land or sea, as the chances of theft are almost negligible. The pirate plane has yet to appear.

♣

A NEW LETTER BY BEETHOVEN

A NEW letter by Beethoven which seems never to have been published before has lately turned up in England. It was found among sixty-five large chests filled with correspondence and with literary odds and ends which had belonged to Miss Georgina Welden, who had combined three careers in one, as a singer, a philanthropist, and a pioneer in the cause of women's rights. The letter was given to Miss Welden by Gounod, who received it from Beethoven's friend, Johann Andreas Streicher, the piano-manufacturer, to whose wife it was originally written. The letter runs as follows: —

Monday, *Oct.* 13, 1807

Would I could have written you about a few more quiet days spent here, but in vain; I appear destined to drain the bitter cup to the dregs wherever I go. If only this were the end! I shall probably lose a sum of 800 florins through a rotten solicitor and a still worse, perjured, *pretended friend* ['Scheinfreund'?]. For has not the certificate already received the Government stamp?

I beg you to let Miss Trudel, our housekeeper, know that we shall move in from here, bag and baggage, to-morrow, and so make sure that she will be in.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We shall arrive about midday. Should you think it worth while to keep the door and the curtains I will take them, but for as little as possible.

Just let me have a line in reply so that I may know for certain that the housekeeper will be expecting us to-morrow.

Farewell, dear friend.

Your

BEETHOVEN

The translation introduces an obscurity in the first paragraph and illustrates well the difficulties which face every translator. The false friend to whom Beethoven refers was named Schein. The German verb *scheinen* means to seem or to appear, and there is a further play on the same word in the next sentence, for the noun *Schein* also means a certificate. All this is quite impossible to reproduce in English, and by the time it has been explained the crackle has departed from the pun.

✻

INVISIBLE LIGHT

THE famous Hindu botanist, Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose, who made a world-wide reputation through his investigation of plant-sensitiveness, has perfected an astonishing new instrument which he calls the 'super-retina.' By means of it he can detect what he calls 'invisible light.' The new light consists of short electric waves which have much the same properties as ordinary light, but can be detected by the eye. Through their means objects which are ordinarily opaque can be made transparent, whereas water becomes opaque.

✻

A WRECK IN THE SAHARA

THE amazing and amusing possibilities of radio are well illustrated by the mishap of a Czechoslovak radio enthusiast in Prague. One night, while he was listening to a concert being broadcast, he suddenly heard the music interrupted by a call for help from a ship in distress. In great excitement he sat him down and wrote a letter to *Narodny Listy* about it.

He told the editor that he had heard the blowing of the sirens, the tossing of the waves, and the screams of the passengers. Apparently it did not occur to him that if the shipwreck had been a real one there could have been no microphones about to receive all this. Nor did he notice that the latitude and longitude given were in the middle of the Sahara Desert. In other words, he had not heard the preliminary announcement that the shipwreck noises were being sent out from the London station and were nothing but an imitation of the real thing.

✻

PRONOUNCING PEPYS

THE *Manchester Guardian* contributes this to the relief of all those anxious souls who are trying to find a correct pronunciation for the name of the great diarist: —

To the careful searching of Mr. Walter Bell we owe the discovery in the baptismal register of St. Bride's Church, London, of the entry: 'March 3, 1632 (-3). Samuell, sonn to John Peapis, wyef Margaret.' That spelling helps a little to settle the pronunciation of the diarist's name. The Watermen's Company has a copy of a letter made by the old-time clerk in which the spelling of Pepys had been rendered 'Peeps.' That pronunciation is now generally accepted. It seems a shame that Samuel was not born on January 1, when he might properly have become the patron of all diary-keepers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS ABROAD

Fighting the World, by Count Michael Karolyi. London: Kegan Paul, 1925. 21*s*.

[*Daily Telegraph*]

PRIMARILY this volume, which contains Count Michael Karolyi's defense of his activities during the war, is addressed to the Hungarian public. But it has its interest for the general European public, and it has the advantage over most similar works of being written in excellent style, while the English translation by E. W. Dickes is very well done. Count Karolyi headed the movement for the establishment of the Republic of Hungary in the days of the Dual Monarchy's ultimate dissolution. He is now an exile, and has small chance of returning to his native land while the present régime in Hungary — which is largely a reaction against his Socialist and indeed Communist leanings — endures. This volume only takes us up to the revolution of October 1918; his subsequent conduct as head of the new republic for a brief period will no doubt be treated in another work. Here Count Karolyi gives an account of his various and consistent efforts during the war itself to induce Austrian and Hungarian statesmen to make terms with the Entente Powers apart from Germany, while there was yet opportunity. Up to the end of 1917 he considers the Dual Monarchy could have been saved as an entity had this course been followed, although its constitution would have had to be altered into that of a confederation of autonomous States. Even in 1918, he claims, Hungary, if it had approached the Entente without regard to Austria, could have made terms which would have involved little territorial loss compared with what has actually been suffered. But he could not persuade the Hungarian magnates who controlled the political machine, and in Count Karolyi's pages the evil genius of his country appears in the person of his own step-father-in-law, Count Andrassy, with his blind Germanophile policy. Karolyi entertained great hopes of the peace efforts of Count Czernin when that nobleman became Foreign Minister under the young Emperor Karl. Why did Czernin's peace policy come to so premature an end? Karolyi considers it was because the Kaiser had made personal communications on the subject to Vienna, and the Austro-Hungarian Ministers feared a direct German invasion if they persisted. It is surely evident, as he urges, that Germany at the time had quite enough enemies on hand without adding to them. But in truth it is clear from his pages that nothing could have saved Austria-Hungary. A country governed by a group of oligarchs who, so far as they represented anything, stood for the hegemony of a minority, and the steady repression of the majority, could not possibly hope to survive the cataclysm of the World War. Hungary sealed its own fate when in 1867 the Hungarians accepted freedom for themselves and denied it to the other subject nationalities associated with them.

The Portrait of Zélide, by Geoffrey Scott. London: Constable, 1925. 12*s*.

[Edmund Gosse in the *Sunday Times*]

THROUGH the welter of those uncalled-for 'Reminiscences' and lumbering 'Lives' which are the plague of our time, three or four young writers have lately distinguished themselves by producing historico-biographical studies, carefully conceived and gracefully executed. In the plunging mass of books, their volumes stand out small and bright and succinct. It has been a pleasure to me to welcome these particular authors on successive occasions, and I hope to welcome them here again. I need not repeat their names, but it is gratifying to add to the little group that of Mr. Geoffrey Scott, which was unknown to me until I opened the title-page of *The Portrait of Zélide*. He also testifies, by the delicacy of his irony, by the moderation of his range, by his refinement and reserve, against the wallowing monsters of the hour. He adds to the presumption that English prose, although so dreadfully given over to shapelessness and noise, is 'not quite enslaved, nor wholly vile, but, like Albion, may yet recover dignity. If this is Mr. Scott's earliest publication, he is to be congratulated on the ripeness of his judgment, but whether it is or not, he cannot fail, in the future, to find us curious to watch his progress.

The subject that Mr. Scott has chosen is one that lends itself to the ironic method. He essays to paint the portrait of a woman who is often mentioned in the records of her time but has seldom been expatiated on; a feminine link stretched through the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, but between two sections of them, so incongruous that her individuality has been snapped by the strain. She unites Boswell and Frederick of Prussia with Madame de Staël and the Directory. But preëminently she is part of the life of Benjamin Constant, yet a part which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has hitherto been slurred over by his biographers. Hitherto, whatever attention has been given to Zélide has been subsidiary — she has depended for attention on her companion of the moment. Mr. Geoffrey Scott detaches her and places her in the front line of the scene. She becomes in his hands an individual and not an attribute.

It is true that a local Swiss historian, M. Philippe Godet, published twenty years ago a 'massive' work on her and her friends. When he did this, he had already spent twenty years in collating the records which are preserved at Neuchâtel. Mr. Scott loyally expresses his debt to M. Godet, whose volumes (of which I confess that, though much attracted by Benjamin Constant, I never before heard) are 'of primarily local interest' and 'very difficult to obtain.' They may be treated, therefore, less as a biography than as a mine of material, from which Mr. Scott has dug his ore and refined it. Let us not pretend to have read M. Godet, or to wish to read him.

Manuel d'histoire de Paris, by Henri Lemoine, Paris: Albin-Michel, 1925.

[Marcel Raymond in *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*]

THE author has tried to write a simple story, a manual designed 'for students, teachers, and travelers.' He has succeeded perfectly, and it would be ungracious to find fault with him because he is a little academic in certain passages and because his style is rather bare. It was a difficult task to boil down into a single volume all the history, archæology, and topography on which we have so many documents. Each page wakens in us memories, or even brings us something not known before. This popular volume, embellished with well-chosen photographic illustrations, is destined to render some very real service.

The Menace of Colour, by J. W. Gregory, London: Seeley Service, 1925, 12*s*. 6*d*.

[*Saturday Review*]

PROFESSOR GREGORY has given us a most learned and valuable study of 'the difficulties due to the association of white and colored races, with an account of measures proposed for their solution, and special reference to white colonization in the tropics.' It originated as his presidential address to the Geographical Section of the British Association at Toronto last year, when it created such interest and evoked so many criticisms that there was good warrant for expanding it into this closely packed volume. The question here handled is a most important one, both for us and for the United States, where one person in every nine is colored. Professor Gregory wears his learning in most judicial fashion, and his knowledge of African travel lends it human interest.

A Man Who Walked Alone. Letters from W. H. Hudson to Edward Garnett, London: Edward Garnett, 1925. 6*s*.

[*Daily Herald*]

THE late W. H. Hudson, who wrote better than any man or woman of our time about birds and certain aspects of scenery, was essentially a man who walked alone. Perhaps it did not need these hundred and fifty letters to prove that; and it is certainly not disproved by his statement: 'It seems to me that if I had preserved all the letters worth keeping I have received since I came to England they would now number not less than twenty thousand.' A man may receive ten times that number of letters and be lonely to the end.

Hudson gave his whole life to natural study, particularly of birds; and if, in return, he received the inward joy and peace that come to no one so bountifully as to the naturalist, he forfeited much that other men enjoy.

Now he writes from Land's End, where he is watching the return of the migrants; now from some quiet village in Wiltshire, where, resting on a tombstone, he thinks upon the past; and now he is in Norfolk, seeing just how close he can get to a flock of sand-pipers without frightening them away. But of the joys of comradeship he never writes, because he hardly knew what they were.

He naturally became, therefore, somewhat narrow in his views. When the war came, although he was annoyed that it so disturbed his accustomed routine, he could write, 'I think it is a blessed war. . . . Let us thank the gods for a Wilhelm and a whole nation insane with hatred of England to restore us to health.' He viewed men quite objectively; and though he winced at the slightest pang of a bird, as previously as November 1913 he could say, 'I hope to stay on to see the flame of war brighten in this peace-rotten land.'

This inability to join hands with his fellow creatures, this real lack of sympathy with them in their joy and their sorrow, made him conservative in his attitude — even toward art. While he was among the first to be enthusiastic about the austere and frozen art of Doughty's *Dawn in Britain*, the fires and passion of the art of D. H. Lawrence only moved him to disgust.

✽

BOOKS MENTIONED

STRUTT, ROBERT JOHN. *John William Strutt, third Baron Rayleigh.* London: Edward Arnold & Co., 1924.

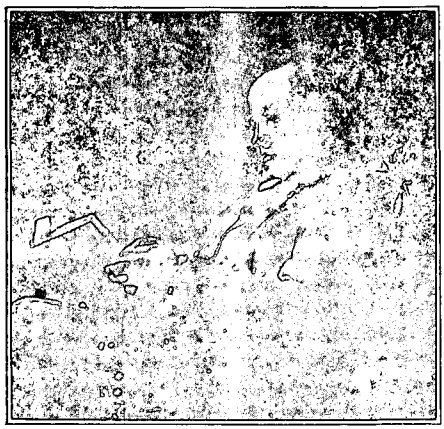
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Sense of Immortality

The Freedom of the Slave of God

by Philip Cabot

In this little book Mr. Cabot gives expression to what is now the fundamental conviction of his life, forced upon him through dangerous personal experience. Seldom has the belief in immortality been more cogently set forth; seldom have words been compelled to carry such depth of meaning. In a day of religious indifference, Mr. Cabot is a new prophet, his lips touched with coals from the divine altar, his whole heart aflame with his message. Such faith will not only bring deeper satisfaction to those who already believe; it must carry unusual weight and suggestion to the hesitant who are still debating the question of life after death.



Paper binding, 50 cents; cloth blinding, $1.00

Uniform with Mr. Cabot's volume

Metempsychosis

By George Foot Moore. $1.00 a copy

Pagan Ideas of Immortality During the Early Roman Empire

By Clifford Herschel Moore. $1.00 a copy

Living Again

By Charles Reynolds Brown. $1.00 a copy

Immortality and Theism

By William Wallace Fenn. $1.00 a copy

Immortality and the Modern Mind

By Kirsopp Lake. $1.00 a copy

The Christian Faith and Eternal Life

By George Edwin Horr. $1.00 a copy

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

31 Randall Hall, Harvard University

Cambridge, Mass.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To Anyone Who Has Attended the Theatre

WHEN you have seen the show, you talk the actors over with your friends, do you not?

Well, here is where one of the actors is going to get back at you.

He is going to talk you over.

In fact, he may even have drawn your picture.

If you will look in the May Scribner's Magazine you will find out.

Look for "The Audience Can Do No Wrong" by Roland Young.

* * *

Katherine Fullerton Gerould is quite frank with regard to her attitude toward the ballot in the May number of Scribner's Magazine.

"Some American Women and the Vote" gives her answer to certain stock arguments as to why a woman should vote.

* * *

Are our American colleges doing their job?

Scribner's Magazine is publishing a number of articles that bear directly on this question. . . .

H. A. L. Fisher's comments on it in the April number; "The Organization Complex in Our Colleges" by Ruth Steele Brooks in the May number.

* * *

For you who go to the theatre, and for you who ever heard of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" we point to J. Frank Davis's "Tom Shows" in the April Scribner's Magazine;

To Gamaliel Bradford's "Portrait of Edwin Booth" in the February Scribner's Magazine, and a number of interesting articles on the theatre which will be in the coming number.

* * *

Katherine Fullerton Gerould, Roland Young, Edith Wharton, Theodore Roosevelt —

They are the first four names on the list of contributors to the May number of Scribner's Magazine.

Rather a promising start isn't it?

* * *

The April number now on the news stands; the May number, out April 24 — both are Scribner's Magazine at its best.

And that means the best there is — begging your pardon for stepping out of our usual role as understater.

* * *

And having said that, we shall have to concoct a new superlative for the June number.

For it contains a surprise and some fireworks.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED